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TOMMY BIG-EYES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“Betsy Lee,” “The Doctor,” “Captain Tom and
Captain Hugh,” &c.



DOUGLAS :

PRINTED BY JAMES BROWN & SON, No. 9, ATHOL-STREET

Collected Goff

3 June - 3 June 1943

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To.
Henry Sidgwick
from T. E. Brown
by the hand of
H. Dakins.

May 1880.

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BY THE AUTHOR OF

*‘ Betsy Lee,’ ‘ The Doctor,’ ‘ Captain Tom
and Captain Hugh,’ &c., &c.*



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217c. 10. 1875.

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TOMMY BIG-EYES.

DEAR COUNTRYMEN, whate'er is left to us

Of ancient heritage—

Of manners, speech, of humours, polity,
The limited horizon of our stage—

Old love, hope, fear,

All this I fain would fix upon the page ;

That so the coming age,

Lost in the empire's mass,

Yet haply longing for their fathers, here

May see, as in a glass,

What they held dear—

May say, " 'Twas thus and thus

They lived ;" and, as the time-flood onward rolls,

Secure an anchor for their Keltic souls.

I never knew a man in my life

That had such a darling little wife

As a chap they were callin' Tommy Gellin' :

So how he got her is worth the tellin'.

Now, Tommy was as shy as a bird :

"Yes" or "No" was the only word

You'd get from Tommy. So every monkey

Thought poor Tommy was a donkey.

But—bless your sowl!—lave Tommy alone !

He'd got a stunnin' head of his own ;

And his copies just like copper-plate,

And he'd set to work and cover a slate

Before the rest had done a sum :

But you'd really have thought the fellow was dumb—

He was that silent and bashful, you know ;

Not a fool—not him—but lookin' so.

Ugly he was, most desperate :

For all the world like a suckin' skate.

But the eyes ! the eyes ! Why—blow the fella !

He could spread them out like a rumberella—

You'd have wondered where on earth he got them

Deep dubs of blue light with the black at the bottom—

Basins of light. But it was very seldom

You could see them like that, for he always held them

Straight on his book or whatever he had,
 As if he was ashamed, poor lad !
 And really they were a most awful size ;
 And so we were callin' him "Tommy Big-eyes."

The way that chap was knocked about
 Was just a scandal. You hit him a clout
 Whenever you saw him—that was the style :
 Hit him once, and you'd get him to smile :
 Hit him twice, and he'd drop the head ;
 Hommer away till you'd think he was dead.
 And he'd stand like a drum, as if his skin
 Was a sheep's, and made for hommerin' .
 Then, his hair was so thick it was nice to grab it,
 And pull it back like skinnin' a rabbit,
 Till he'd have to look up, as you may suppose ;
 And then you could welt him under the nose.
 I do believe the cruellest fien's
 In the world is a parcel of boys in their teens,
 One of them stirrin' up the other.
 But still, for all, the divil's mother
 Should have looked a little more to the way
 The chap was rigged ; for it isn't fair play
 To dress a lad that's goin' to school
 As if he was born to be a fool.
 Fancy a frill around his neck !
 What in the world could the woman expec' ?
 And his trousers buttonin' outside
 Of his jacket, like these fellows that ride
 At the races. Surely, it might occur——
 Well, she'd a deal to answer for.

And that's the for this Tommy had
 Such girlish ways—oh, very bad !
 Just give him a needle and a bit
 Of calico, and there he'd sit
 In a corner, as happy as a prince,
 And the gels goin' on with their imperince,
 And—"Are you wantin' a sweetheart, Tommy?"
 Poor thing ! as innocent as a lammie !
 They said, if you'd give him a doll he'd frock it,
 But he owned to a pincushion in his pocket.
 'Where did he come from?' did ye say ?
 Somewhere over Lough Molla' way ;
 And a road runnin' in on the opposite side,
 A long sort of road that went to Kirk Bride,
 And joinin' together, and leadin' down,
 And over the bridge, and into the town ;
 And about a mile, I think it will be,
 On the Kirk Bride road there's a path you'll see
 Betwix' the brews that the sheep have wore,
 And a cart-track leadin' to the shore ;
 And a pleasant little place they're callin'—

What's this it is now?—aye, "The Vollin"—
 And a little house, and a garden to't,
 And a little croft, and a mackarel boat,
 And some trees they've planted, but they haven't thriven,
 And that's where Nelly Quine was livin'.

So you see these two would be meetin' there
 Every mornin', rain or fair.
 For, mind ye, if this Tommy was late—
 And he tried to be—little Nelly would wait.
 Wait she would, and pretend a nest,
 In the briars, you know ; or had to rest ;
 Or a pin or somethin' she was losin' ;
 Or sittin' down to put her shoes on.
 Then Tommy would come, and he'd give a peep
 Round the corner, and then he'd creep
 Close in to the hedge, and wouldn't allow
 He saw her a bit, and on like a plough.
 And there they'd go—you'd have splitt to seen them—
 One on each side, and the road between them—
 And little Nelly lookin', lookin' ;
 And this poor bashful divil hookin'
 The best he could. And every turn
 In the road, no matter the bend, he'd burn
 With the shame ; and he'd crib himself into a O,
 Like feelin' her bearin' on him, you know.
 And sometimes Nelly'd give a race,
 And get before him, and look in his face,
 And he'd stop as dead—and she'd give a little snigger
 Of a laugh in her nose, like the click of a trigger,
 And lookin' under to see could she prize
 His big head up with a lift of her eyes—
 Botherin' this chap. But when they'd be near
 The school, she wasn't willin' they'd see her
 Comin' with Tommy ; and she'd tuck up her clothes,
 And she'd shake her hair, and away she goes ;
 And the little feet twinkling—ha ! ha ! my men !
 He'd look rather sharp, would Tommy, then.

And Dick, and Nick, and all the rest of them—
 Miss Nelly could plague him with the best of them—
 Indeed she could ; and boo and hiss,
 And put out her mouth like wantin' a kiss,
 And dance around him, and ask him to carry her—
 "Do, Tommy?" and—*when was he goin' to marry her?*
 "When, Tommy ! when la'?" just bewild'rin'—
 That's when she was with the other children.
 "*Fiends*" I called them, did I? Well,
 I shouldn't then. It's hard to tell ;
 And it's likely God has got a plan
 To put a spirit in a man
 That's more than you can stow away
 In the heart of a child. But he'll see the day

When he'll not have a bit too much for the work
 He's got to do. And the little Turk
 Is good for nothin' but shoutin' and fightin'
 And divilment; and God delightin'
 To make him strong and bold and free,
 And think the man he's goin' to be—
 More beef than butter, more lean than lard;
 Hard, if you like; but the world is hard.
 You'll see a river how it dances
 From rock to rock, wherever it chances—
 In and out, and here and there:
 A regular young li vil-may-care!
 But, caught in the sluice, it's another case,
 And it steadies down, and it flushes the race
 Very deep and strong, but still
 It's not too much to work the mill.
 The same with hosses—kick and bite
 And winch away—all right, all right!
 Wait a bit, and give him his ground,
 And he'll win his rider a thousand pound.
 Aw dear! aw dear! I've had my day,
 And it's a merry month is the month of May—
 Little Peggies, little Annies,
 Little Nellies, little Fannies—
 And you with Kitty, and me with Sal,
 And coortin' like the deuce and all;
 And playin' weddin's, and pretendin' to go
 To the Vicar for a licence, you know—
 And a book, and sayin' the very words—
 Bless ye! as innocent as the birds!

So what did a lot of us do but join
 And persuade this Tommy that Nelly Quine
 Was desperate in love with him there—
 And "Spake to her, Tommy! spake to her!
 Spake to her, for all!" we said:
 "Yes, dyin' in love!" And he hung the head
 Like a clout, poor chap! But we stuck to him still—
 And "If you'll not spake, there's others that will,"
 Says one of the imps. And how she'd be blushin'
 When they'd tell her the bad that Tommy was wushin'
 To be her sweetheart, but afraid to make free.
 And "Aw, my gough! the pl'ased she'll be!"
 Says the imp. Then Tommy looked up, but slow
 And the big blue eyes began to blow
 Like — "Bladders" was it I was sayin'?
 "Rumberellas?" Try again.
 "Bubbles," was it? What d'ye call—
 "Blow'n'," I said. Just aisy all!
 "Blow'n," of coorse; and the bigger the lies
 The wider Tommy was spreadin' the eyes.
 "She said you were handsome; she said you were smart ;

"She said she was almost breakin' her heart";
 "She called you a duck"; "She called you a dove";
 "She called you her darlin' darlin' love";
And the tasty dressed, she said she never;
And the splendid trousis he had however;
And the way they were stitched, and the beautiful gimp.
 "She didn'!" says I. "She did!" says the imp:
 And "Buck up, Tommy, and bring her a present."
 These imps is terrible onpleasant.

So one day Tommy took the road
 The very earliest he could;
 And into the school as quite as a worm,
 And claps his basket under the furm—
 His dinner, you'd think—and waited there
 Till school began; but just in the prayer
 A fellow gave a shove—worse luck!
 At Tommy's basket; and "Tuck-tuck-tuck!"
 And the master stopped, and we all of us stopped;
 And "Tuck-tuck-tuck!" and out she popped—
 A beautiful little hen—and she flew
 This way and that way—and "*Shish!*" and "*Shoo!*"
 And over the desks; and we all gave chase,
 And she flapped her wings in the master's face—
 And the dignified he turned to look!
 And "*Shoo!*" he says; and "Tuck-tuck-tuck"—
 And away to the window, and scratched and tore;
 And the feathers flyin'. "Open that door!"
 Says the master; and, glad to be shot of us,
 So out goes the hen, and out goes the lot of us—
 Helter-skelter, boys and gels—
 Sticks and stones, or anything else:
 "Catch her!" "Watch her!"
 "Stop her!" "Drop her!"
 "Here she is!" "There she is!"
 "Tommy's I'll swear she is!"
 "Tommy's! Tommy's! Hop chu naa!"
 Three cheers for Tommy!—Hip-hip-hooraa!"
 And a stone come flyin', and a flip and a flutter—
 And down went the poor little hen in the gutter,
 And her leg was broken; and "Take her up!"
 And "The poor little thing!" and "Stop. then; stop!"
 Here's Tommy himself! And Tommy came,
 And he stood like dumb. "It's a dirty shame!"
 Says one of the gels, and begun a-cryin'.
 Says an imp, "He brought her for Nelly Quine!"
 And, "Nelly! for Nelly!" and took and caught her!
 And, "Nelly's his sweetheart! It's for Nelly hebrought her!"
 So when Tommy heard that, he stooped down low,
 Like to take the hen, and the tears to flow
 Most pitiful, and shivered all over—
 And, "Look at him, Nelly! look at your lover!"

But Nelly sprung like a flash of light,
 And her eye was set, and her face was white ;
 And she put her hand upon his head,
 And, "Was it for me then, Tommy?" she said—
 "Was it for me?" And he snuffs and he snivels ;
 And, "Yes," says Tommy. "Hooraa !" says the divils.

Then Nelly faced round like a tiger-cat—
 "You brutes !" she said, "gerr out of that !
 Gerr out, you cowards !" and her face all burned
 With the fury of her ; and she turned,
 And she took this hen that Tommy confessed,
 And she coaxed it, and put it in her breast,
 And kissed and kissed it over again.
 "My own little hen ! my own little hen !"
 Says Nelly ; and then she got Tommy to rise,
 And took her brat to wipe his eyes.
 But away goes Tommy over the street
 Like the very wind, and Nelly gave sheet
 As far as the bridge ; but it wasn' no use,
 For Tommy could run like the very deuce—
 And the hen in her arms and all, you see—
 So she stood and laughed ; and didn't we ?
 Laughed and laughed—the little midge !—
 And leaned against the wall of the bridge,
 And laughed again ; but I ll be sworn
 There was many a day after that you darn'
 Say much before Nelly about Tommy—no !
 She wouldn't have it ! Touch and go,
 Was Nelly. Three words, and by jabers you'd gerri't !
 Aw the gel, ye see, had a splendid sperrit !
 Just the least little *chuck* ! was enough, and then
 You couldn't coax her back again.
 "And why did she laugh herself"—did ye say ?—
 "The time poor Tommy was runnin' away ?"
 Well, everythin' of coorse in raison !
 And the fool he looked, you know, was amazin'.
 But, even then, when she heard us behind her,
 Singin' out "Tally-high-ho-the-grinder !"—
 (The *grinder* ! if you know what that is !)
 She turned and looked like thunder at us—
 And, upon my word, there's a lot of thunder
 'll go in a little noddle like yonder.
 So she rolled the little hen in her brat,
 And its little heart all pit-a-pat—
 And as dignified as dignified—
 And starts, and away with her, home to Kirk Bride.
 And didn' come to school that day, nor the next—
 Oh, Miss Nelly was desperate vexed !

But Tommy come the very next day—
 And if he didn' catch it—eh !
 By gum ! *He'd make an impression,*

The master said ; and he gave him a threshin'
 In the good old style, with your thwickumy-thwackumy !
 Slishin'-slashin' ! bick-o'-me-back-o'-me !
 And, "Fowls !" he said. "What next ?" he said—
 "Ducks and geese !"—and, "Hould up your head !"—
Pigs and geese, as like as not !
Bulls of Bashan ! You couldn' tell what !
The whole of the farm ! "But, look ye here !"
 He said—and he caught him a clip on the ear—
 "You insolent vagabone !" he says,
 "Who's goin' to see the end of this ?"
Was it fowls ! ! Well, well ! had it really come
To fowls ! ! Why, it abslit struck him dumb,
 He said. *Of coorse, he said, marbles he knew,*
And even, now and then, an apple or two ;
And liked his scholars to be cheerful ;
But—fowls ! ! ! he said—it was simply fearful !
No, he couldn', he couldn' pretend,
He really couldn', to say where would it end.
Abcminable, he said, the habits
Of childher now-a-days !—the rabbits
And rubbish ! he said ; and "Fowls !" he said—"Fowls ! !"
 And he lifts his voice, and reglar howls.
 And the lot of us poor little blokes
 Takin' care to laugh at all his jokes.
Oh ! he said, it wasn' no use !
 And down came the cane like the very deuce.
 By Jove ! he laid into him like greens,
 Till poor Tommy was all in smithereens—
 Poor little divil ! the way he was tanned !
 But stood it grand ! stood it grand !

So when Nelly come back, the whole of the row
 Was over, you know ; but, anyhow,
 The master didn't say a word
 To her at all ; but of coorse she heard—
 "Tuk and pounded him into jammy !"
 We said. And the way she looked at Tommy !
 But Tommy didn' look to her.
 Tommy kept his eyes on the floor.
 But I never saw anythin' beautifuller
 Than Nelly's little face, and the colour
 Comin' and goin' in her cheek ;
 And her eyes, that, if they didn't speak—
 Well that was all. And weren't they pretty !
 Yes ; but now they were wells of pity—
 Wells of pity, full to the brim ;
 And longin' to coax and comfort him.
 Aw, she couldn' take them off him, I'll swear !
 But whether this Tommy was aware
 I cannot tell ; for he wouldn' look,
 But the head of him down on the slate or the book

Like nailed ; but still a way with his back,
Or his body altogether lek,
And a sort of a snugclin' with his head
That showed he was a little bit comforted.

So that evening she wouldn' let Tommy go home
By himself at all ; but collared to 'm,
And wouldn' leave him ; but, step for step,
The quick or the slow, till they came to the Clip,
Where the roads divide. Then Nelly spoke—
And Tommy fit enough to choke—
And, "I'll give you a kiss," she says, "Tommy, for that"—
And she wiped her little mouth with her brat.
"Here now, Tommy !" and made a lip to 'm ;
But Tommy ran ; but Nelly gript him ;
And Tommy turned this way, and Tommy turned that way ;
And poor little Nelly couldn' tell what way—
And first cockin' one ear, and then the other,
Till at last says Nelly, "My gough ! the bother
There's with you, too !" And, "Turn for all !
Turn, ye donkey !" But he stood like a wall ;
And whatever she did, and whatever she said,
She was forced to kiss him on the back of his head.
And then if Tommy didn' cut !
But Nelly stamped the little foot—
And, "Well, I never !"—and, "Fiddlededee !"—
And, "After all, he's a fool !" says she.

"*She was right,*" you're sayin' ? Poor Tommy, though !
"*Right enough ?*" Well, I don't know—
*If a chap won't take a kiss when it's gev him,
You suppose the only way is to lave him ?*
Yes, I suppose so. Aw, Nelly was furious !
But still, for all, it's very curious,
The little foot was slack enough
Before she got home, and all the huff
Washed away in bitter tears—
And as white as a sheet : and so it appears
The mother noticed. And, *What was the matter ?*
And, "Dear me !" and clitter-clatter.
And, "It's just these boys ! and you'd better confess !"
"Aw, no !" says Nelly ; "Aw, no !" she says.

But if Nelly was sorrowful, then trust me
It was Tommy that was happy. "She kissed me !
She did ! she did ! she did !" And over
The hedge, and into a field of clover,
That was very fine ; and he threw himself down
In the thick of it ; and never a soun'
But the corn-crakes crowin' very clear—
You know thy're about that time of the year—
Just to be happy, you know, and think—
The little chap ! And the last sweet blink
Of the day, and the big cloud sailin' across.

And oh ! he thought, *the happy he was !*
 Bless ye ! he's tould me many a time.
 Why, this Tommy could put it in rhyme !
 He was a bit of a poet, was Tommy—aye !
 Aw, never say die ! never say die !
 A poet, I tell ye, reggilar !
 And — *The Star !* that was splendid about the star !
 Of coorse, he didn' make it then :
 It'd ha' puzzled him to do that, my men !
 No, the long years after this
 (But even at school he wasn' amiss
 With his little songs). I wouldn' trust
 But I've got it here—I think I must—
 Wrote at Tommy. Aisy all !
 That's not it. Rather small
 Is Tommy's writin'. Wait a bit !
 "Star of Hope"—that's it ! that's it !
 Will you read it, Jemmy ? Give him a light !
 Jemmy's a scholar. All right ! all right !

Jemmy reads :—

Star of hope, star of love,
 Did you see it from heaven above ?
 Love was sleeping, hope was fied—
 Did you see what Nelly did ?
 I know it was only the back of my head—
 But did you, did you, did you, did you,
 Did you see what Nelly did ?
 You're my witness, star of joy !
 Was it a girl that kissed a boy ?
 Was it a boy that kissed a girl ?
 Oh, happy worl' !
 I don't know !
 Let it go !

I thought I'd have died, and nobody missed me
 But Nelly has kissed me ! Nelly has kissed me !

Come down ! come down !
 Put on your brightest crown !
 Slip in with me among the clover.
 Now tell me all about it—I'm her lover !
 Did you see it ? Are you sure ?
 Is she lovely ? Is she pure ?
 Smell these buds ! Is that her breath ?
 Will I love her unto death ?
 Ah, little star ! I see you smiling there
 Upon heaven's lowest stair !
 I know, I know
 It's time to go ;

But I'm only waitin' till you have blessed me,
 For Nelly has kissed me ! Nelly has kissed me

First-rate, Jemmy ! that'll do !
 Capital readin' ! Aw, it's aisy for you.

Well, however, this Tommy fell asleep,
 With the light of the stars on his face, poor sweep
 And when he awoke the night was half over,

And the star was really down in the clover.
 So Tommy felt rather shiverin',
 And home like the mischief, and creepin' in—
 Poor craythur ! and never a bite or a sup for him,
 But only the father sittin' up for him—
 And took a stick, and gave it him hot ;
 And *for-shamed* him, and sent him to bed like a shot.

But, of coorse, this was rather too much for the lad ;
 So Tommy was taken very bad.
 It was weeks, I believe, afore he was out,
 And even then only creepin' about—
 And, I really can't azackly explain,
 But he never come to school again—
 At least to ours—I don't know did they get
 To hear the way the lad was beat.
 But, however, he was sent to another school—
 Somewhere down by the Ballagoole ;
 And that'd be close to his father's house,
 That owned a croft and a couple of cows,
 And a pig or two—aw, a dacent ould blade.
 The man was a blacksmith to his trade,
 And worked at it, too : at least, if he didn',
 There was the smithy aback of his midden.
 He was a hard man, though—very hard—
 And a man that didn' much regard
 For the people that was over him :
 Pa'sons, churchwardens, sumners, and them.
 There's no doubt he was rather fond of a fight ;
 But any way he'd have his right—
 The commons, the quarterlands, the cess,
 Intacks, easements, and all the rest.
 That's the man that could rattle them off—
 And only ownin' this bit of a crof'.
 I believe the joy of his life was to go
 To a vestry meetin', and have a jaw
 With the Archdeacon, that was capital
 For keepin' the temper ; and the louder he'd bawl,
 "The bark," he'd say, "is worse than the bite of him ;"
 And bore with the chap, but hated the sight of him.
 That was Gellin'—quarrelsome rather ;
 And, anyway, he was Tommy's father.

But "Nelly !"—certingly ! Nelly !
 Always after the gels, I see !
 Well, I really don't think she cared a toss
 About poor Tommy, how he was.
 I can't say, of coorse—they're very queer—
 But still for all it didn' appear
 She took up with any of these other chaps—
 So that's the way, you know—so p'rhaps—
 But dear me ! a fellow that couldn' take a kiss
 Just in a way of friendliness—

Well, of coorse, a chap that'd act that funky—
 She must have thought him rather a donkey—
 Must, you know—a soft sort of craythur—
 Aw, there's no mistake—it's only nathur—
 And none of us didn' say nothin' to her,
 And she didn' stay over a quarter more,
 Being wanted at home for a baby they had,
 And fish was scarce, and times was bad,
 And the mother was sick, and Quine was cussin',
 And isn' it strange how they'll take to the nussin'—
 These gels, you know? So we hadn' a chance
 To see much of Nelly; but only once
 Me and another chap had a boat
 On the Vollin shore, just waitin' to float,
 And we took a notion we'd go up for fun,
 And see how Nelly was gettin' on.
 So up we went; and, 'deed for sure,
 There was Nelly at the door,
 Sittin on the step, and rockin'
 The baby in her arms, that was cryin' shockin'.
 So I leaned on the hedge there, just like this,
 And "My compliments, Miss Quine," I says;
 "You'll 'scuse our callin' without any warnin';
 And how is Tommy's hen this mornin'?"
 Oh she made a grab, and a stone at her foot
 As big as a turmit—didn' we cut?
 But shoutin' all the way down the glen—
 "Tommy's hen! Tommy's hen!"
 And finished off with three good cheers,
 And I don't think I saw her again for years.

Well, after a while this Tommy was sent
 To work on a farm that was called Renshent—
 Jurby way, runnin' out on the shore,
 Somewhere aback of the Ballamoore;
 And a sandy sort of a place; but still
 The farm was runnin' up to a hill
 Slopin' south: and, just when you come
 On the top, the brews went down like a plumb
 To the shilley behind; no rocks at all,
 Just clayey stuff, but as steep as a wall,
 And the jackdaws workin' their holes in it clever,
 The divils, bein' soft, you'll observe: but, however,
 You know the sort of place I mean—
 Snug, I can tell ye—Archie Cain
 They were callin' the farmer—but come with the wife;
 But what's the odds! dear bless my life!
 Fairish plough-land—couldn' be beat,
 I've heard for turmits—a little wet
 In the bottom, no doubt, a sort of a gaery,
 But splendid for geese; not much of a dairy—
 Well, you wouldn' expeck—just enough that would do

For themselves—a nice little meadow or two—
But it paid them well—that gaery piece—
Bellies like bollans ! tremenjis geese !

Oh, I knew Renshent —and a beautiful garden—
Bless me ! wasn' Cain a warden ?
And a round of trees, if it's trees you'd call them,
For, the way the salt of the wind 'll scald them
Over there, they're rather like bushes—
But still, for all, these lumps of thrushes
Of a summer's evenin', an' the way they'd be shoutin
After the sun, as if they were doubtin'
Would he ever come back to them again—
And, "Be sure ! be sure !" you'd think they were sayin'—
Rum things is birds though—yes, indeed—
Astonishin' the places they'll breed—
Very curious that way—
Fanciful I call them—eh ?
Fanciful—Dear me ! the dub
That was there for the ducks, and a sort of scrub
Of jenny-nettles and that, where the hens
Was layin' on the sly, in the lee of the fence
That ran by the gable ; and a splendid old trammon
For the fairies. But, bless my soul ! what gammon !
As if it was any odds to you—
But, ye see, I like them places, I do.
However, this Cain had a very nice spot of it—
About a hundred acres 'd be the lot of it.
So Tommy was put to Renshent all right,
And ould Gellin' had a despard fight
About the wages, and all the rest of it ;
And I don't know which of the two had the best of it.
But of coorse *he'd hev a understandin'*,
And a row, if it was only to keep his hand in.
But Cain was his match ; so, with a deal of bother,
They settled it betwix' them some way or another.
And Tommy made a fuss-rate servant—
"Diligent in business, fervent
In spirit"—it's sayin' in the Bible—eh ?
There's no doubt that Tommy earned his pay—
Aye did he—earned it to the full :
For, ye see, the chap was as strong as a bull,
And handier till men that was twice his size,
And uncommon watchful, and willin', and wise.

Well, now, this Tommy, after a bit,
Got to be a terbil favourite
With the misthress there, that was one of the sweetest
Women you ever, about the completest
Every way a woman *should* be—
I don't think a better woman *could* be—
For patience, for gentleness, and that—
She was one of the Shimmins of Ballarat—

They were all of them nice—aw a capital strain !
 But the nicest of all was Missis Cain.
 And she took to Tommy very much,
 For, you know, there wasn the smallest touch
 Of divilment in Tommy—no !
 But all the other road, and so
 The woman was feelin' quite at her aise with him,
 She said *he had such studdy ways with him.*
 For there's some of these country lads is rough,
 And cheeky, and impudent enough ;
 And carryin' on with the gels, and slinkin'
 Off to the public-house, and drinkin',
 And stayin' out without any leave,
 And not the smallest notion how to behave.
 And, at dinner, they'll sit till they're nearly bustin',
 And belchin' perfectly disgustin',
 And hardly fit for pigs to eat with,
 Let alone a Christian to have his meat with—
 Never taught no manners, I doubt—
 They've often got to put them out
 Afore they're done ; and they'll lie like logs
 In the haggard somewhere—regular hogs !
 I've seen a chap myself, without any jokin',
 Took to the door, and all but chokin' ;
 And of coorse these fools of gels must laugh,
 Whatever they'd do, and him stumblin' off
 And slouchin' away with his head on his breast,
 And the misthress lookin' quite distressed.

But Missis Caine was a woman that'd be
 Always for order and decency.
 She wasn' strict, so much to speak,
 But pitiful, and lovin', and meek :
 And when that woman was in a place
 You'd think there couldn' be nothin' but peace—
 It seemed to breathe from her very skin—
 The pure and white astonishin' !
 She wasn' a stirrin' woman at all,
 Nor given to scouldin', and hadn' no call ;
 For the woman had only just to sit
 In any room, and you'd see it lit
 With a soft sweet light, that was just the holy
 She looked, and the pure ; and all sin and folly
 And dirt, and evil talk, was driven
 From her ; and her smile was like an angel in heaven
 Do you believe, if a picture of Christ was hung
 Somewhere, that a fellow could do what was wrong
 Before it at all ? I don't think he would.
 But we're tould these Romans—but what's the good ?
 God knows the heart ; and I don't like to be sayin'
 Too much, you know ; but Missis Cain—
 Dear me ! it's no use ! was'n she a Shimmin

Of Ballarat?—most splendid women !

And Tommy had nice ways with him, too ;
 Indeed, for his station, there'd be very few
 That would have such sense and manners, both ;
 The very way he was suppin' his broth,
 Missis Cain remarked (and she was right, bedad !)
Was showin' the proper feelins he had.
 No puffin' and blowin', no stuffin' and chewin',
 And scroogin' and nudgin', and the elbers goin',
 Like a shoemaker ; but Tommy would dip
 His spoon very delicate-like, and the lip
 As tight as a puss ; and no slushin' and sloppin'—
 And, besides, the fellow knew when to be stoppin'.
 Where he learned it, I don't know ;
 Not from his father—I never saw
 A man like that agate of his grub—
 My eye ! I've seen him at a club—
 Beef and mutton, fowls and pork,
 Pies and puddins—he was up to his work
 Was Gellin, you'd think he'd never be finished,
 And “ Will you have your plate replenished,
 Mr Gellin ? ” says the Archdeacon, looking sly—
 “ Just wait a minute ! ” he says “ and I'll try ! ”
 But what the Archdeacon had in view
 Was to stop his eternal hollabaloo
 As long as he could, and “ Try the bacon ! ”
 (Aw, bless my soul ! that ould Archdeacon !)
 “ Try it, Mr Gellin ; I think you'll find
 It's very excellent ; ” and “ Well, I don't mind, ”
 Says Gellin, and, dropping a button, and scowlin'
 “ There's not priddas enough ; ” and his eyes a-rowlin'
 Like cartwheels there—and, “ Ring the bell ! ”
 Aw, the Achdeacon was capital !
 Understood the chap, you know,
 Undertood him—aye, just so,
 Understood him, every art,
 Understood—but, bless my heart !
 This'll never do for a man that's tellin'
 A story—I fancy I'm rather like Gellin,
 That didn' know when to stop. All right.

Now, Missis Cain she took a delight
 In Tommy—reg'lar delight it was,
 The decent woman ! ye see, because
 She was thinkin' the nice example he'd be
 To all the rest of the family.

And it was'nt only eating either,
 But just his conduct altogether—
 Modest—and when the work was done
 Of an evenin, and every one
 Was getting sleepy, Tommy would take

His book, and keep them all awake—
 Beautiful readin'—and a lovely voice,
 And the gels would say it was very nice,
 And listen, grand ; but the boys would be laughin',
 And tryin' to carry on with their chaffin' :
 But the gels would shame them, and then they'd be quiet ;
 And then some of *them* would take and try it ;
 And then the gels would laugh till they were shakin'—
 The idikkilis mistakes they were makin'—
 And then they'd give in ; and all the while
 The Misthress 'd be havin' a little smile—
 And Tommy as happy, and explainin' there—
 A good natured craythur, never fear !
 And simple ; and then he'd take the book,
 And a gel would look, and a boy would look,
 And back into a corner, and start
 A little bit of courtin'—dear heart !
 What harm ?—And you'd hear a kiss go *pop!*
 And the Misthress would be lookin' up,
 But no-ways cross, just a sort of surprise ;
 But Tommy 'd never lift his eyes.
What was he readin' ? All sorts of things—
 Lives of pessons—Queens and Kings—
 Travels—history, you know—
 Pilgrim's Progress—Robin Crusa—

And Tommy had a fiddle too,
 And I don't know what was there he couldn' do
 With yandhar fiddle, the way it'd mock
 Everything—it'd crow like a cock,
 It'd hoot like a donkey, it'd moo like a cow ;
 It 'd cry like a baby, it'd grunt like a sow,
 Or a thrush, or a pigeon, or a lark, or a linnet—
 You'd really thought they were livin' in it.
 But the tunes he was playin'—that was the thing
 Like squeezin' honey from the string ;
 Like milkin' a fiddle—no jerks, no squeaks—
 And the tears upon the Misthress' cheeks.
 And sometimes he'd play a dance—and what harm !
 But she wouldn' have it upon the farm,
 The Misthress wouldn'—dancin', I mean—
 It didn' matter so much for the play'n' :
 But she'd often stop him, and ask would he change
 To a nice slow tune, and Tommy would range
 Up and down the strings, and slider
 Into the key ; and then he'd feather
 The bow very fine, and a sort of a hum,
 Like a bee round a flower, and out it'd come—
 "Ould Robin Gray," or the "Lover's Ghost" —
 That's the two she liked the most :
 And the gels, that only a minute afore
 Were ready to jump and clear the floor,

Sat still on the form, but onaisy though,
 And terbil disappointed, you know.
 And sometimes they'd be coaxin' Tommy to take
 The fiddle out in the orchard, and shake
 His funny-bone over a jig or a reel—
Something to tickle a body's heel,
 Says one of the gels—and "I'll give you a kiss !
 Faith, I will then, Tommy !" she says :
 And Tommy that blushed to the roots of his hair ;
 But still, he said, *no matter where,*
If the Misthress wasn't willing,
He wouldn't—and "Tommy, we'll give you a shillin' !"
 And coaxin' away : but he didn' regard them.
 And anyway, you know, she'd have heard them.

Well, ye see, in a country place
 The gels is apt to be rough in their ways :
 But Missis Cain was particular,
 These wild huzzies wouldn' do for her.
 There's farms, no doubt, where they're very bad ;
 But she'd have them dacent, whatever she had—
Dacent it is—dacent, I tell ye—
Dacent—but still of course, at a Mheillea,
 Or a tay-party, on an Eril Vary,
 Or the like of that, young folks'll get merry.
 And, dear me ! when its after dark,
 It's seemin' right to have a lark
 In rayson—depanding the way it's meant ;
 So I wouldn' trust but these gels at Renshent,
 For all they couldn' have a dance,
 Took their fun when they had the chance.—
I've helped them myself ? I thought you'd guess it.
 'Deed, maybe it's just as well to confess it.
 Capital gels ! just so, just so ;
 But rather hard on Tommy, though.
 And that was encouragin' these other chaps,
 That'd take this Tommy on their laps,
 Or some stuff like that, being undersized,
 And pretendin' to nuss him ; but rather surprised
 When Tommy buckled to one day,
 And me, as it happened, to show fair-play,
 And gripped the biggest of the lot,
 And put him on his back like a shot—
 And the women lookin' ; but the clean he was thrown
 And the quick, he thought he'd leave Tommy alone ;
 And when he got up, the whole of them slanted ;
 So Tommy got peace, and that's all that he wanted,
 And they'd more respeck' for him from that day—
 Poor Tommy ! that wouldn' have hurt a flea !

But Cain himself ? the master, you mean—
 Oh, a very nice man was Cain,
 Very, very—couldn' be beat.

But you'll hear something more about him yet.
 Cain was a "Local," you'll understand—
 Yes! aw, the very head of the plan.
 They said to preach he was only fair,
 But you couldn' touch him for a prayer—
 Soundin' out like a trumpet-blast;
 And shockin' powerful with a class.
 I don't know much about their rigs,
 These Methodists that has their gigs,
 And travels about; but Cain preferred
 To stay at home, and preach the Word
 To his neighbours there. So he got to be
 A sort of Apostle among them, you see,
 A prince and a ruler among his people,
 A tower of the truth, a reg'lar steeple
 Was Cain; and had his mortgages,
 And money out at interest,
 With all the *members*—is'n' that the name?—
 And even the chapel itself the same.
But still he counted all but loss—
 "A humble servant of the cross,"
 He said—and *the people liked him*, he said,
And who was he to deny the bread
Of life to hungry sinners? No!
 He said *he didn' want to go*
And leave the little flock that loved him—
 And d——n him! if they'd took and shoved him
 Over the brews—I've seen the Archdeacon—
 But steady! steady! put the break on!
 Hould her in!—oh, a child of grace!
 Got it shinin' in his face!
 He said *he really couldn' tell*
Why he was so acceptable—
No! the unworthy, he said, *the unworthy!*
He knew it, he knew it! of the earth, earthy--
But run upon the Potter's wheel,
Sealed with the everlasting seal—
That was it—"By grace ye are saved"—
Look at Peter, look at David!
The call, he said, *the heavenly call!*
Look at Abraham, look at Paul!
 I've heard him there—a tremenjis voice—
 "Rejoice!" he'd say, "my friends, rejoice!"
 And up the high you couldn' think,
 And up, and up—but afore you could wink,
 Down like a gannet, like he wanted to pin
 The devil in soundin's! and then he'd begin,
 And he'd wrestle and groan, and he'd thump and he'd thwack—
 A black-haired man, and his eyes was black.
 So he says one day to Tommy at last—

"You seem to have gifts with that fiddle," he says,
 And he flatten's his hand like a dab of mortar
 On the little chap's shoulder, and a kind of a sorter
 Lookin' right over him, a way he had,
 Because a big preacher from Douglas said,
 After chapel one night, he *navar beheld*
Such a look, he said, *all doubt dispelled*
 He said. He said—"You know what I'm maenin,
 Like lookin' to the heavenly Canaan,"
 He said, and "they that seek shall find,"
 And "showin' a lovely frame of mind"—
 So, "Gifts," says Cain, "and gifts, my friend,
 Is from the Lord, that knows where to send
 His gifts," he says; "and so you see,
 They must be used accordantly,"
 And a little pat, and the lift of the eye,
 Like talking to somebody twelve foot high.
 I was there myself, and listenin' to'm;
 For almost every time I come home
 I'd be out, bein' allis in a friendly way with them,
 And takin' joy, and havin' my tay with them—
 Well, of course, there was gels there too—
 But look here! confound it! what's that to you?
 "Now," he says, "This fiddle here,
 Is very pleasant to the carnal ear,
 To the ear of sense, that's aisy plaised,
 But them that's got their affections raised,
 How is it with them?" and his voice quite holler,
 And took a hitch in Tommy's collar,
 That was restless rather, and studded him
 Like a little sack—"How is it with them?"
 And "Oh, the unconverted will!"
 He says, and his eye on Canaan still,
 And a twist with his knuckle, and "the aisy yoke,"
 He says, and Tommy fit to choke,"
 Till at last the Mistress said, rather fearful,
She thought the fiddle was very cheerful
And nice, and makin' people happy.
 Oh, he turned upon her as snappy as snappy—
 "I'll ask your opinion when I'll want to,"
 He says. I don't know where Canaan was gone to
 That time at all. "Its unbecomin',"
 He says, "Its clane again Paul for a woman
 To talk in the Church." "But at home," she said.
 "In the house, I don't see," aw, his face got as red
 As the fire, aw, you navar seen the complexion.
 "Silence!" he said. "Subjection! subjection!
 Subjection!" he said, "this minute! this minute!"
 And he gave her a look—not much Canaan in it,
 I fancy, but rather the other style:
 So the woman dropt it. Then he gave a smile,

Very holy and peaceful lek,
 "And now," he says, "I've a propogicion to make,"
 And Tommy stoops and Tommy shifts,
 "Thomas Gelling," he says, "your gifts
 Is only a snare to you, after all,
 A snare," he says; "but hear the call—
 Take," he says, "and dedicate
 These gifts to His service; there's a handy seat
 Under the pulpit," he says, "in the middle
 Of the aisle," he says. "What! play the fiddle
 In the Chapel!" says Missis Cain; but he gave
 A sweep with the hand, and "By your lave,"
 He says, very dignified, "I was comin'
 To that," he said, "but, of course, a woman!
 But navar mind (a tongue on a wire!)
 This fiddle may go on the back of the fire,
 Or the midden, or any other place;
 You'll be cultivatin' the viol bass,
 Of course, the proper instrument,"
 He says, "and begin immadient.
 We'll get it from Ramsey," he says, "you'll see;
 And it'll be the chapel's property,
 And paid in instalments out of the fund—
 It is'n' very expensive they run,
 These viol hasses; and you'll have permission
 To use it, but only on condition
 You'll lead the singing. So there you have it:
 And now your talent 'll be His who gave it,
 And you'll be sitting in the front pew,
 And God'll be glorified in you."
 And he sniffed, and Tommy said nothin' whatever.
 "I've no doubt," says Cain, "you'll do your endeavour;
 But we're all of us wake," he says, "and you know
 Where we're privileged to go,
 Tho mas," he says, and——on and on,
 Till I thought he never would be done.
 So at last I left him there in the thick of it,
 For, upon my soul, I was fairly sick of it—
 A thun'drin' rascal, anyhow;
 But, however, you'il hear, you'll hear just now.

So, you see, this bass viol
 Was sent for from Ramsey at first on trial,
 Apprerbation, or whatever they call it,
 And Tommy there to overhaul it,
 And see was it right, and couldn' take to it
 At first at all, *not able to spake to it*,
 He said, *like the fiddle*; aw, longin' shockin'
 For the fiddle, for all, that was used to go cockin'
 On his shouldher so handy, you know, or sittin'
 Upon his breast like a little kitten,
 Nustlin' there agen his cheek,
 And coaxin' the lovely little squeak

Out of its innards, somewhere or another,
 Just like a baby with the mother—
 And the misthress loved to hear him like that,
It went to her soul, she couldn' tell what
She was feelin', no, she couldn', she said,
 But, *comforted*, aye, *comforted*—
 And she had her troubles with yandhar man,
 Poor thing ! and it was'n' with him they began—
 No—and this Tommy delighted to plaze her.
 But when he got this roarin' baser,
 He was put out most pitiful ;
 For, however he'd screw, and however he'd pull,
 And see-sawin'
 And Margery-Dawin',
 He'd get nothin' with all his scrapes and his scrubs
 But a surt of yowlin' molligrubs.

So Tommy was bothered, and you see the raison,
 For he thought it couldn' do nothin' but bas'in',
 And hadn' no notion the awkward brute
 Could play as soft as any flute.
 And deeper and deeper still he was goin',
 And sawin' the bass to the very bone,
 And no music at all ; till at last the fact is
 The misthress axed him to have his practice
 Somewhere else. So away to the barn
 Goes Tommy with this big consarn,
 Determined, I tell ye, to have it out with it ;
 For he hadn' the smallest bit of a doubt with it
 But the tune was in it somewhere, you know.
 So there he was ; and he tried the slow,
 And he tried the quick ; till at last, by jing !
 He come upon the tenor string,
 That he'd come upon many a time afore :
 But this time, Tommy said, you'd have swore
 It was altogether different,
 Astonishin' the way it went,
 Whatever the touch, or whatever the turn,
 Like butter comin' on the churn,
 When you're nearly beat—*like butter*, he was sayin',
Like butter, or something like bleedin' a vein,
The oozy it come, and the cloggy lek ;
 And then it 'll draw to a pint, and brek
In a reglar sthrame—Aw he worked it grand !
Like a livin' thing, he said, *under his hand ;*
Like rivers of water in a thirsty land.
 So Tommy ran up the string like a paper
 'll run up to a kite ; aw he made her caper,
 Rejisin', you know, the high he got
 After yondhar basser's, aw workin' it hot,
 And rispin' and raspin', and thrimmin' and thrummin
 Till the very thrashin' boord was hummin'.

So all the people was wondherin'
 Outside; for Tommy had locked himself in.
 Says the boys—"Hulloah! its like enough, may be,
 The viol bass has got a baby!"
 But the gels said—*hush!* and stood like cravin',
 For the sweet it was—they said it was *heaven!*
Heaven! they said; and *to hould their noise:*
 Gels is musicaller till boys—
 Just so—takin a interest—
 Much more easier empressed.

So the next night Tommy began in the kitchen
 And the Misthress couldn' help droppin' her stitchin',
 And starin' at Tommy, the look he had,
 Just like a body goin' mad—
 With his head thrown back, and his eyes like moons,
 And his hair all ruxed, and tunes and tunes.
 And the lads very quiet, sittin' back-o'-behind,
 And the women that 'cited they couldn' mind
 Their wheels, lek afraid if a sound'd be missin',
 And smoothin' the brat a' purpose to listen;
 And the tenor string as clear as a bell,
 And Cain from home, and just as well.

Then Tommy was at the Mistress to get her
 To think that the viol-bass was better
 Till the fiddle itself, *bein' full of power,*
 Says Tommy, *and the fiddle apt to be sour,*
And thin in the top; but the viol, he said,
Was studdy, and sure, and keepin' its head
On the small edge of nothing; no baby, not him!
 But a fine big lusty cherubim,
 That takes the half of Jacob's ladder
At a leap, he says, or—"may be, rather,
 Like a beautiful man, that loves you," he says,
 "And turns your sorrows to happiness."
 'Deed the Mistress looked to see what he meant;
 But—innocent, bless ye! innocent—
 Hadn' a notion, not him, the sowl!
 Aw, as innocent as a biddhag bowl!

But, after that, the life they led with him
 I'm tould was shockin'—must have it in bed with him,
 This viol, and reachin' to his nose,
 And the stick of it tanglin' in the clothes,
 And strugglin', and gettin' out on the floor,
 And at it still—aw, well to be sure!
 At it, I tell ye, from night to mornin';
 And the chaps that was sleepin' with him gave them warnin';
 And Tommy had to go over the stable;
 But, if he'd been put on the top of the tower of Babel,
 Tommy wouldn' have been offended,
 Just the thing for him, got on most splendid—

But terrible partikkilar ;
 No ! he said, *he wouldn' dar,*
He couldn' ; they really must excuse him
No ! nothin' in the world'd induce him,
He said, to go in the chapel yet :
 And Cain couldn' understand him a bit,
 And very impatient ; and no wonder e ther—
They were runnin' away with him altogether,
Them gifts, he said, and to build on the rock ;
And often enough a stumbling-block—
Aye, and remindin' him of Paul,
That didn' think much of them at all,
But rather bothered him, yes indeed !
Aw, there's no mistake, a troublesome breed ;
 “ And, for all the carryin' on there's about them,
 The Church could do very well without them.”

But Tommy was firm : he said he was wantin'
 To see the Vicar—“ what gallivantin' ! ”
 Says Cain—“ The Vicar ! the Vicar ! eh ? ”
 “ Yes,” says Tommy, “ he asked me to play
 A piece with him, to see how it'd go,
 And him to work the piano, you know ”—
 “ Well,” says Cain, “ of course it's carnal ; ”
 And—*how about the life eternal ?*
 And—*a very unsatisfactory sperrit ;*
Vicars indeed ! but, however, lerrit !
Lerrit ! ” he said. So Tommy went
 To see the Vicar, that was well acquaint
 With Tommy, a wonderful aisy man
 Wos Pazon Croft—he was an Englishman,
 But despard shy, for wherever he came,
 He was just like walkin' in a drame
 Very white in the face. I've heard it stated
 That Pazon Croft was eddikated
 In one of them big Churches they've got
 Over in England—*Cathedrals*—what ?
 Cathedrals—aye : and, the lovely he sung,
 He was put to the urgans very young—
 Not much like this music that's driven in
 Hapes of people, but what he was livin' in.
 For, the finest music that ever was done
 He'd hardly be knowin' when it begun,
 Or when it left off—just so, just so—
 Havin' it all inside him, you know.
 And if the trees, or the stacks in the yard,
 Had struck up, he'd been perfectly prepared.
 Bless me ! if yandhar man had met
 A quire of angels that was just let
 On Snaefell to practise their hosanners,

He'd ha' axed to look over a book with the tannors—
 That's all. So, the first he heard
 This Tommy and the fiddle, never a word,
 Never a wink, as a body might say ;
 But, still for all, the next day
 There he was, and the next, and the next,
 Till Cain was gettin' rather vexed—
 And, *Couldn't they bake on their own griddles ?*
 And, *Well to be lookin' higher than fiddles.*

So this was the Vicar. So Tommy come ;
 And, *If he wouldn't be troublesome—*
 And this and that ; and, " Come in ! come in !"
 And down to the piano, and at it like sin ;
 And jingin' and jangin', and bahin' and bowin',
 Till at last they heard the bellows blowin'
 For breakfast, you know. So then they left off—
 He was a single man was Pazon Croft.

So Tommy come home, and a book at him there
 As big as the parish register—
 Somewhere about the weight of a sack
 Of potatoes, and every bit of it Back—
Back ! yes, Back—you don't know what I mean ?
 Of coorse, of coorse ! Well, you see I'll explain—
 Tommy that was tellin' me,
 And showin' the way, and how would it be.
 Well, it's a difficult sort of music, look'ee !
 Slantindicular, that is, crooky,
 Up and down, in and out—
 Bless me ! what am I talkin' about !
 Compiercated—heads and tails—
 Scientific, that is, scales—
 I don't know whether you've ever heard—
 Fidgets, fuges ! that's the word—
 Fuges, fuges, that's what I meant—
 Excellent though, excellent !
 Fidgets—good ! but avast these nudges !
 I'm goin to tell you what a fuge is—
 Fuge—dear heart !
 What a start !
 Well, obsarve ! away goes a scrap,
 Just a piece of a tune, like a little chap
 That runs from his mammy ; but mind the row
 There'll be about that chap just now !
 Off he goes ! but whether or not,
 The mother is after him like a shot—
 Run, you rascal, the fast you're able !
 But she nearly nabs him at the gable ;
 But missin' him after all : and then
 He'll give her the imperince of sin :
 And he'll duck and he'll dive, and he'll dodge and he'll dip,
 And he'll make a run, and he'll give her the slip,

And back again, and turnin' and mockin',
 And imitatin' her most shockin',
 Every way she's movin', you know :
 That's just the way this tune 'll go ;
 Imitatin', changin', hidin',
 Doublin' upon itself, dividin' :
 And other tunes comin' wantin' to dance with it,
 But haven't the very smallest chance with it—
 It's that slippy and swivel—up, up, up !
 Down, down, down ! the little pup—
 Friskin', whiskin' ; and then as solemn,
 Like marchin' in a double column,
 Like a funeral : or, rather,
 If you'll think of this imp, it's like the father
 Comin' out to give it him, and his heavy feet
 Soundin' like thunder on the street.
 And he's caught at last, and they all sing out
 Like the very mischief, and dance and shout,
 And caper away there most surprisin',
 And ends in a terrible rejsin'.
 That's Backs, that's fuges—aw that's fine—
 But navar mind ! navar mind !
 Of coorse ! of coorse ! But, however, the day
 Come at last for Tommy to play
 In the chapel : and they said it was raelly splendid,
 But, as soon as the second hymn was ended,
 Tommy went on, and it wasn' no use,
 On he went like the very deuce.
Fuges ! aye ! just so—for a part
 Of the tune they'd been singin' was just like a start
 For one of these fudgets. So it got in his head.
 And he couldn' stop—and his face as red,
 And his eyes like tar-barrels—only blue,
 And—tuttee, tuttee, tuttee, tooh !
 I lave it to your imagernation
 The feelins of that congregation—
 Feelins, is it ? Well, I'm blest !
 Tremenjers ! couldn' be expressed !
 And first a look at one another,
 And then, you know, a kind of a smother
 Of a groan ; and then—*hush ! hush ! hush ! hush !*
 And then a roar, and then a rush ;
 And Cain on his feet, and —“ Hould him ! I say ;
 Hould him ! hould him ! anyway ;
 Dear me ! take the viol from him !
 Lick him ! kick him ! smash him ! d—— him !”
Did he ? in the chapel too ! I'll engage
 He did : and wasn he black with rage,
 And his dickey all spotted with blood—the hard
 He was bitin his tongue ? but took off his guard—
 Aye ! aye ? and talk to reprove him,
 I can tell ye, and even to remove him—

Talk ! but—the excellent man ! and—the pity !
 And left it all at last to a committee
 Of Cain's own friends, with just one goose
 Of a chap they were callin Billy Baroose,
 That was knowed to be his enemy—
 To make it to look like fair, ye see.
 Aw, they made it all right for him after a bit—
 “The zeal of thine house,” they said, *that was it—*
 “*The zeal of thine house,*” and wasn' it plain ;
And well if all was like brother Cain !

But Tommy ? Tommy ! aw, Tommy was ragged,
 And Tommy was shook, and Tommy was dragged,
 And cast into outer darkness ; there
 Shall be weepin' and gnashin' of teeth ; and I'll
 swear

If the preacher didn't get up, and thumbed
 The Bible there ; and hemmed and hummed,
 And them very words, or vey lek them—
 And—*this is the way the Lord'd correck them*
 He said—*this unfortnit young pessin,*
No doubt, he said, it was very disthressin' ;
But here he was ! a figger-head—
Figger, I mean—what's this he said ?
A lively figger, he said, of them
That's called—but —chosen ? No ! He came,
Like many others, bid to the weddin' ;
But hed he the garment ? No, he hedn' !

So Tommy, you see, was in disgrace,
 And very nearly losin' his place.
 But Cain thought better of it, for all he grumbled ;
 And he said he thought *the lad was humbled—*
Converted—eh ? Well—evident not ;
 But still such a servant couldn' be got
 Every day, so he stayed ; but he wasn'
 Suffered to rub a bit of rosin
 On that viol again. And indeed it was bruk
 That night in the row, and had to be tuk
 Down to Ramsey for repairs,
 And if it ever came back who knows and who cares ?
 Anyway Tommy got over it clever,
 And worked the fiddle the same as ever.

But he'd never go to chapel again,
 No, not even for Missis Cain.
 Sunday morning, the very first thing,
 When his porridge was supped, he'd be off on the
 wing
 For the Curraghs down—and away for hours—
 Butterflies, insecs, beetles, flowers—
 G'ology, botany, and such,

And a book to tell him which was which ;
 And a bit of a glass that wasn' as long
 As your thumb. But, goodness me ! the strong !——
Microscope. Hulloah ! look out !
 Aye, man ! aye ! and what do *you* know about
 Microscopes ? You're took on the sudden.
 Well, you know, I wish you wouldn'.
 But—however. So he liked the Curraghs well,
 Did Tommy ; and they've got a beautiful smell,
 Upon my word, them Curraghs ; yes !
 Even in the spring they're not amiss,
 When the soft little sally buds is busted,
 And all the sthrames about is dusted
 With the yellow meal : but—in summer ! I'm blowed !
 Just before the grass is mowed—
 Kirk Andreas way, St. Jude's, Lezayre—
 Just lie down, no matter where,
 And you'll think you're in heaven : and the steam and the heat
 Fit to smother you, the sweet—
 Splendid too, when a chap is home
 From a voyage ; very wholesome to'em,
 Clearin' the blood—astonishin'
 The way it extracks the salt from the skin—
 Soft as cream, sweet as honey.
 And I'll tell you another thing that's funny
 Comin' off the sea—the close you've got
 The horizon, like the lid of a pot—
 Just enough to make a pair of breeches,
 And then the sallies and the ditches.

So this is where Tommy allis was hauntin'—
 Every mortal thing he was wantin'
 He could find in them meadows—wonderful land
 For harbs ! and him that could understand
 The sorts, you know, and the virtue they had,
 And were they good or were they bad—
 And them that was p'ison—aw, first rate ;
 Bless ye ! the p'isons was just like mate
 To Tommy, that liked to feel the strong
 They were, and rowlin' them on his tongue
 As comfibil as any kid
 Would suck his mammy, or me my quid.
 Well, he was curious, I tell ye—
 "Look here !" he'd say, "I could take and kill ye
 With a drop of this stuff !" For he'd boil it, and strain it,
 And still it and steam it, and draw it and drain it,
 Till he'd nothin' left but the very last squeeze
 Of the Devil's own clout—aw, as nice as you please—
 What's this he called it—"concockit ?" "decockit"
 Aye stowed away in his waistcoat pocket.
 Many a time I've tould the chap
 To take care for fear he'd get into a scrape

With this dirt, that nobody navar can't trust—
Abominable dangerous !

So, flowers springin',
Linnets singin',
Church bells ding-a-ling-a-lingin'—
There was Tommy in his glory.
So, one day, I tell ye, afore he
Knew where he was. Now, what d'ye think ?
Nelly ! Nelly ! And the start and the blink
Of her bonny blue eye—like some *haythen goddess*,
Tommy was tellin' ; and curtseys as modest :
But dear me ! the mischief and the sauce
There'll be under all that ! and the quick little toss
Of the head ; and then—"I suppose," says she
"You don't know me, Tommy?" "Know you" ! says he,
And his face all burnin' like the very fire—
"Know you !" and daren't look any higher
Than her knees. "It's lek I've grew," she said—
"Grew?" says Tommy, and as red as red—
"Grew?" "Would ye think," she said, "I'm the same
Little gel that used to answer her name
At Creer's—the same you were such a friend to—
The little gel you brought the hen to?"
"Think?" says Tommy, "think !" and it all
Come over him like the burst of a squall
When the mornin' lifts—"Dear me !" she says,
"Look up !" and he did, and he saw the breast,
And he saw the woman, the full and the round—
And—*who was he ?* and he made a bound,
And cleared the hedge, and away like a deer—
Did Nelly laugh ? Well, I didn' see her—
But—I rather think not, but—take the hint !
She was goin' to church, so of coorse she went.
But mind ye ! that was the road the gel
Had to go. So, very well !
Where was Tommy now would ye be thinkin'
The very next Sunday ? and sneakin' and slinkin'
Behind the very same hedge ? Dear me !
What else ? and hid that a crow couldn' see
Where he was hidin' ; and as still as a block,
Still,—but felt the whiff of her frock,
And shivered, and waited till she'd pass,
And kissed the print of her foot in the grass,
And kissed, and kissed : so, of coorse, you know,
He loved her again—poor Tommy though !
Again he loved her ! it hadn' died
In his heart—this love ; just stupified
Like a fire that's slacked, like a spark in the tinder ;
Like you'll wake with the light, and jump to the winder—
Jump to the winder—she's comin' ! she's comin' !
Aw, by gough ! this love is a rum 'un !

But at last poor Tommy, with all his blushes,
 Got pluck, and'd twiss hisself out o' the bushes
 Like a little hedgehog before her there—
 A hedgehog makin' up to a hare,
 Rowlin'—his legs were rather crookit—
 And maybe flowers for her to look at,
 Or tarroodeals, or ladybirds—
 That's coleopthar's terrible words !
 Aye, but Tommy took heart of grace ;
 And, the second Sunday, he looked in her face ;
 And the third, she didn' come alone,
 And Tommy gave a sort of a groan,
 And cut ; and the fourth, they had a talk ;
 And the fifth, I believe they had a walk—
 Two fields or so—and left in the lurch with her
 At those other gels, but wouldn' go to church with her—
 Catch him ! so she tould him how it was,
 And she was come for a sarvint to the Ballaglass,
 The principal house in the parish—aye—
 Captain Moore—aw, terrible high—
 Splendid family them Moores—
 Deemsthars, Clerk-of-the-Roules, brewers—
 All sorts of swells, you know, that's goin',
 Was belongin' to the Moores--no knowin'
 The ould, that family ; blood, man, blood !
 Aw, the rael thing—from the time of the flood—
 Officials, Staff-of-Government,
 And all to that. So this here gent
 Was countin' among the first of the land,
 Not rich, exactly, you'll understand :
 But breedin', bless ye ! 'There's plenty 'll cock
 Their chin, but still you know the stock ;
 And wool is wool, and silk is silk,
 And you can't get your nose out of your mother's milk.

So this is where Nelly Quine was livin
 For a housemaid with them. I don't know were they givin
 High wages or not ; but it was a sort of a place
 That was very grand, for Manx at *laste*—
 The people was lookin' up to it uncommon—
 And the misthress, you know, an Englishwoman—
 And a bape of sarvints, and a sort of a style
 With them altogether : and the best part of a mile
 Of plantin' and that ; and a gardener (Scotch)
 And a butler with a gold watch—
 And bulls, and stallions, and a little laddy
 With buttons runnin' all over his body—
 Style, you know—his name was Kelly.
 So all that summer Tommy and Nelly
 Was meetin' in the meadows there ;
 But still, for all, he didn' dare
 To ax her would she love him a bit,

Only they'd linger a little, and sit
 Till the bell 'd be out. And once she stayed
 So long, you know, that she felt afraid
 To go in at all; and cried and cried;
 Aye, and wouldn' be pacified,
 And wouldn' spake to him. And Tommy said
He was very sorry—but she turned and fled
 Like a pigeon (you know she could run rather fast),
 And away with her to the Ballaglass.

But when the winter weather come,
 Mrs Moore was keepin' the sarvints at home,
 And a surt of a praychin', just to shuit
 Their hours, and I'm tould it's well she could do't—
 For the Captain and the son, ye see,
 Were at church as strick as the pazon 'd be.
 So what was Tommy to do? Every man of ye?
 What would *you* have done? Now, one of ye!
 Spake now!—Billy!—All right! You'd *ha' gone*
After dark, and had some fun
At the Ballaglass? Well, there's a quid
 For your guess! That's just what Tommy did.
 But the *fun*? my gough! aw no, no, no!
 Poor Tommy! Bless ye! if he could only go
 To the house at all, it was just as much
 As ever he could—aw bless ye! to touch
 A thing she'd touched, a can, a becom—
 It was wonderful the trifle 'd please him—
Pleasin' isn' the word! He'd get it
 Away with him somewhere, and coax it, and pet it,
 And listen (he tould me, and I wouldn' doubt it)
 If there was any sound of her about it,
 And put it back. *Did he ever see her?*
 Never to spake to her—*aw dear!*
 Says you—why, bless ye! you don't know the fellow—
 He'd ha' been turnin' blue and green and yellow,
 And red, and primin', and black and white,
 If anybody'd seen him, and brought a light!
 Fancy Tommy in the sarvints' hall
 At the Ballaglass, and ould Missis Ball
 That was housekeeper, and all the rest—
 And Tommy lookin' east by west!

No, no! but still there'd be gels about,
 Bless ye! often slippin' out
 On the sly, and sooryin' with their chaps,
 And the darker the night the better perhaps—
 Dear me! what's the use to scould them?
 Where's the boulds or the bars that'll hould them?
 The lot of them mostly; for, don't ye see?
 They like to coort in company—
 Two or three pairs in the haggard—eh?
 And the nither can hear what the other'll say,

Nor any sound that could atthrack,
 But a little sigh comin' round the stack—
 And bless me ! that might be the air—
 Some sort of a draught you can't tell where.
No ! says you ? Well, seemin' to me then—
 I think these stacks is allis breathin'.
 Aw, laugh, if you like—yes, yes, yes, yes !
 But ye don't know the country, that's what *it is*.
 Now, look here ?—once for all I tell ye—
 I've been to a weddin', I've been to a mheillea ;
 I've been coortin' lek in general,
 And I'll lay my life there isn' no call
 For the scand'lous talk some people has got—
 And it's just dependin', whether or not,
 On the place and the people, and the dacent care,
 And the mather and misthress, and the kind they are,
 And the considerate, and like to see
 Their sarvints all of a family,
 And happy and respectable—
 Well now, are you laughin' still ?
 Indeed !—well look here ! one word is as good
 As two, but I'd like to be understood,
 And I'll tell ye what—a chap is a fool
 That thinks the country is like Liverpool.
 A country lad, in the Isle of Man,
 Sucks something wholesome out of the very land,
 That fills his head with sense, d'ye see,
 And fills his heart with liberty—
 The pick of men—there's good and there's bad—
 But just you take a dacent lad,
 And give him a chance to be dacent—aye !
 Give him a chance, and —I'm tellin' no lie—
 That chap'll be dacent—bake or brew,
 And he'll like his gel to be dacent, too.

Well, of course, the gels'd watch
 For the signs of the boys, and lift the latch
 The way no finger on earth will guide it
 But a gel's, when her lad is waiting outside it.
 So that was Tommy's trouble, the sowl !
 The poor little divil ! out in the cowl,
 And no gel in his arms, nor him in hers,
 That's better than mittens and comforters,
 Soup and blankets—and cowl is bad,
 But what was driving this Tommy mad
 Was thinking if Nelly was one of the crew,
 And, if she was, then *who, then ? who ?*
Who was the chap ? And he'd be creepin' and creepin'
 All around, and peepin' and peepin',
 And seeing her shaddher on the blind,
 And very nearly out of his mind ;
 And hearin' a click, and 'd have to jump,

And hidin' himself behind the pump ;
 And gettin' in the way of others that was lookin'
 After their own sweethearts, and hookin'
 Over into the garden, and stumblin'
 Agen some others, and all of them grumblin'—
 And often chased, but never caught ;
 Till at last they got freckened, for of course they thought
 It was ghosts ; and—*the night was very injurious*,
 Mrs Ball was sayin' : but the boys was furious,
 And had a reg'lar hunt, but no use,
 For Tommy would dodge them, and off with his shoes,
 And away like the wind. So the chaps was fo'ced
 As you might say, to give up the ghost.
 But a terbil disappointment, it's lek,
 For the Captain's gels was the very pick
 Of the sarvints about—aw, splendid lasses—
 Shuperior, you know, was the Ballaglasses.
 So the chaps was coming from far and wide,
 Sulby way, Ballaugh, Kirk Bride—
 Chaps, you know, that had any consate
 Of themselves, and likin' to be nate
 And dacent—dacent—none of your scum—
 Why, light-keepers was used to come—
Light-Keepers ! yes, and eireys too—
 Eireys—'deed I could tell ye the who—
 But still, for all, it's hardly worth—
 Just the tip-top coortin' on the North.

And was Nelly one of them ? No ; and why ?
 Well, I'll tell ye the raison bye and bye.
 But, of course, you can fancy the disthress
 Of this poor little Tommy. I remember a verse
 Of a little song he made —let's see—
 How's this it is?—"I think of thee?"
 No, that's not it—"So it's home——"—just so—
 I've got it now—when he was leaving, you know—

"So its home to Renshent
 My weary way I wind ;
 For I must be content
 With her shadow on the blind."

On the blind, ye see. *Renshent*, that's Cain's—
 All right ! all right ! I know what you manes
 Yes, yes ! of course, that's the tune your hummin to.
The misthress and Tommy—that's just what I'm comin' to.

Well, I tould ye the way he was punishin'
 These beetles and things—it was raelly astonishin'
 The stores—till these gels began to mock,
 And *was he goin' ta have them in pickle like stock ?*
 And *did he want a barrel ? or where would he put them ?*
 And *would he like them to help him to gut them ?*
 So he was quite offended, if ye please,

And took and made a sort of a case—
 And every insecck with a little hook through
 And a pane in the lid for a body to look through—
 For you mustn' open—all hatches battened
 On Tommy's decks ; and the flowers he flattened
 (And still there wasn' room for half)
 In a big ould Bible he found on the laft.
 And often of an evenin'
 The misthress would ax him to bring them in,
 And Tommy would sit, and Tommy would 'splain—
 And who so happy as Missis Cain ?
 Aw' deed she was happy for all—
 "Yes," the misthress would say, "he's small
 Is Tommy," she says, "but his heart—his heart
 Is big enough." And *he gave her a start*
Many a time, she said, to see
The perfect happy he could be
With nothin', and the full of it too—
Yes—and she liked his eyes to be blue,
She said, it was making them so clear—
Such room, she said, he had in them there—
Such an arch, such a spread, like the round of the sky—
No cloud; no shadow of a lie.
 Some eyes, ye see, is nothin' but fog,
 And some is just like weak grog ;
 And some is like leeches, and some is like slugs,
 And some is like bullets, and some is like bugs—
 Muddy, some is, and some is sharp,
 And some like a cod, and some like a carp—
 Differin' sorts. But Tommy's was loops
 Of light in light, just hoops in hoops
 Of soft blue fire, and feathered about
 With a kind of grey fluff, and openin' out,
 And out, and out—the eye of this chap—
 Hoops, you know—like ye'll see a map
 That's showin' all the planets and things,
 And the sun in the middle, and rings and rings—
 No doubt you've seen the lek in a book.
 So the misthress would sit, and look and look,
 And give a little nod, I'm tould,
 And bless this 'Tommy in her sowl.

Well, troubles came upon him for all—
 Troubles ! troubles ! where's the wall
 That'll keep them out ? As the Scripture saith—
Dig the foundation as deep as death :
 Plumb it, and plaster it, every chop of it ;
 Build it to heaven and put glass on the top of it—
 No go, my lads ! you'll pay your fine—
 And a chap that's in love should spake his mind :—
 Spake he should—there's never known'—

Does he think the gel is a stock or a stone
 That it'll stay where it is till he choses to pick it?
 He should speak, he should speak! You can't get a ticket
 For Love, at all: it's rather a free thing,
 Is to Love, I tell ye—call it a he thing,
 Call it a she thing—wilful—eh?
 And there's other boats besides yours in the bay—
 That's the thing. But this Tommy? What?
 Shy? my gough! But, whether or not,
 He was over one night at Captain Moore's,
 And watchin' the windows, and watchin' the doors,
 And as silent as a little trout,
 And a dale o' coortin' all about,
 And chased at these divils, and couldn' see her,
 And into the garden, and hid himself there,
 Behind the summer-house—Holy Moses!
 The smotherin' it was with roses,
 Yandhar place; but only Spring
 The time I'm tellin': but thatched with ling.
 So there was Tommy aback of a bush,
 When—aisy! aisy! hush, hush, hush!
 Two people comin' on the walk,
 And the nearer they come he could hear them talk—
 Aw—Tommy, Tommy, Tommy mine!
 The young Captain, and Nelly Quine!
 Aw 'deed it was! aw 'deed for sure!
 Nelly, and young Captain Moore—
 The son—and into this arbour place,
 And sat, and his arm around her waist,
 And—the ould ould music, sweet and low—
 Music! music! aye just so—
 Whoever was the first to set it—
 Music, music, wherever you'll get it.

And Nelly's tears was just like rain;
 And Tommy could hear what the Captain was sayni'—
 "Do love me, Nelly! do then! do!
 Aw Nelly, the same as I love you!
 Nelly! Nelly! I am in earnest—"
 If that was'n a burnin' fiery furnace
 For Tommy—my gracious! he said the bite
 He took of his tongue to try and keep quiet,
 And his head goin' round and round and round,
 Till he thought he'd fall; but he held his ground
And they looked so lovely! he said—good Lord!
That's where, he said, *it come very hard*
 On the leks of him—and he didn' know
 Whether to stay, or whether to go,
 Or what to do—but, rain or fair,
 Of coorse he wasn't wanted there—
 But—Nelly cryin'—and—*Would he take her part*
But how? and the cables of his heart

Goin' crackin'. And then he thought, was it right
 For him to be sneakin' there in the night
 Like a spy upon her? for he wasn' apt
 To be thinkin' evil, wasn' this chap—
 No, he wasn', and he didn' now;
 But he waited till, he couldn' tell how,
 Nelly's head gave two little slips,
 And—aw poor Tommy! lips to lips,
 Breast to breast! aw Tommy, my son,
 You're beat! you're beat! the game is won!
 Was and wasn'—and meant is meant—
 But he picked up the bits of his heart, and went,
 Bits! aye, bits! and a swish and a swirl
 Of all his life, like the wheel of the world
 Had gone over him with its lumbering load.
 And left him dyin' on the road—
 Tommy! Tommy! But, afore he got home,
 He begun to think what good could come
 Of work like that—and—*oh! and oh!*
Would the Captain marry her? And—No:
No, no, no! he was goin' to deceive her,
Make a fool of her, and leave her.
 "She's lost!" he said, "She's lost! she's lost!
 And he staggered, and his head was frost
 And fire in a minute, and he turned to go back,
 And—"I'll save her! I'll save her!" and he looked to the black
 Black sky, and he shouted—"Nelly!" he said,
 "Nelly! Nelly!" and fell like dead.
 Aw dear! the little sowl!
 And some chaps that was knockin' about on the sthrowl
 Found him there, and picked him up,
 And of coorse they thought he'd had a sup,
 And home with him, and laughin' and jeerin',
 And up to the door, and Cain appearin'
 With a light, and terbil aggravated,
 And—"Here's your Tommy, tossicated!"
 And cuts. "Indeed!" says Cain, "indeed!
 The pump, I suppose," and wouldn' heed
 For Tommy, whatever he could say—
 "Drunk," says Cain, and drags him away—
 "Drunk," says Cain, "indeed!" he says,
 And Tommy that wake he couldn' resist—
 And under the very pump; but then
 The Misthress came, and—"Cain! aw Cain!
 Cain!" she said, "aw listen, listen!
 He isn' drunk, he isn', he isn'!
 It's trouble," she says; and—"Lave him to me!"
 So Cain dropped him, and—"Come" says she,
 "Come in now, Tommy!" Then Tommy to ax
Could he speak to her alone? "The fac's
 Is dead agen ye," says Cain; "but still—

Trouble—eh? well—pozzible—
 Pozzible"—and shakin' the head,
 And takes the candle, and off to bed.

So then it was that Tommy tould
 All the secrets of his soul—
 And Nelly—and how it began at Creer's
 When they were little things, and all the years
 He'd loved her since; so she gave a smile,
 Did the Misthress, you know, and—"Dear me? Child,"
 She says—"that's not such a terbil case";
 And she took his hand, and she looked in his face.
 "But now," says Tommy, and *where he had been*
That very night! and what he had seen!
And the way the Captain was spakin' to her,—
 "Captain! what Captain?" "Young Captain Moore."
 "Captain! Captain!" Aw, she dropped his hand,
 And the two of her own clasped in the one,
 And pressed to her heart, like a man when he's shot,
 And her face like paper, and just a blot
 Of blood on her cheek, and drawin' her breath
All tight and shivery through her tee'h,
 Tommy said—*like shot*, he said—
 And, if it hadn' been for Cain that was overhead,
 There's no doubt, he said, she'd have sent a cry
 Right up through the roof, right up through the sky—
 Poor thing! to God himself in Heaven,
 But Cain was betwixt—and past eleven.

Now, what had Tommy done? You'll get lave!
 He'd stumbled into an old grave—
 Had Tommy, sent his foot through the lid
 Of a coffin—that's what Tommy did.
 Of a coffin, where her heart's true corc
 Was nailed down, stamped down for evermore.
 That's what the Misthress thought, it's lekly,
 But I'll tell you all about it directly.

Well, whatever it was, it was see-saw,
 For a while at the Misthress. Would she hould her jaw
 Altogether, or just to spake out
 'To Tommy at once, like a doubt in a doubt—
 For to spake at all wasn' aisy to her—
 And to spake to Tommy—that was more.
 For ould sorrows comes over you sometimes
 Like ould times, like ould rimes,
 That's ruinin in your head, and makin' ye
 A sort of happy, and sometimes they're takin' ye
 Like the frost takes the whalers in the fall of the year
 And gunpowder cannot blast you clear.
 And till, for all, she had to say something,
 For of course this Tommy would think it a rum thing
 For her to be carryin' on like yandhar:

And besides—she loved him——Alexandher !
 I'll throuble you to look sirrious !
 Loved him—that's the way it was—
 Bless ye ! and isn' it Natur tells us
 To pour our souls into somebody else's ?
 And that's what she'd longed for, but hard to find ;
 So navar couldn' make up her mind,
 Part wondherin' if Tommy would shuit,
 But stopped at the pint, and didn' do't.
 But now the confidence—what bother !
Love then ! *Love* !—as old as his mother—
Love—and the feelinger and the truer
 There couldn' be ; and that's what drew her—
 And—holy, holy—indeed ! you object to it ?
Holy, I say ! I'll tell ye, I'll stick to it—
Holy—so that's the *raison* she dar ;
 So she tould her saycret, so there you are !
 Only just think now ! Pazons and preachers,
 Pastors and masters, class-leaders and teachers,
 Shuperintendans and conferences,
 Archdeacons and bishops, and all their expenses
 Paid. Think of that ! the whole machine
 That was workin' around her, or else should have been—
 Priests and Levites, that was used to go
 Every day to Jericho,
 And back very likely—and navar eyein'
 The craythur that lay by the roadside dyin'—
 And this little chap, that just kep' in his place,
 Like a dog might keep, and look up in her face,
 But looks like axin' her to tell—
 Aye, that's it ! aw well, well, well !

Now, listen ! this is the way it was—
 This Captain Moore, of Ballaglass,
 The father, you know, when Misthress Cain
 And him was young, lek the people is sayin'
Young and foolish—eh ? but still
 Fell in love with her terbil—
And her with him ? Well, never say die ?
 I think he's a chap with one eye,
 A chap with one eye, that is,
 Or else with a slit, the way a cat is—
Her with him ! for goodness sake !
 It was—*her with him*, and no mistake—
Her with him ; and that's the way—
 The man 'll go, but the woman 'll stay.

And was he desavin' her ? Honour bright !
 True and honest as the light
 Was Captain Moore. But what was the good ?
 Think of the fam'ly ! think of the blood !
 First-class—my gough ! the very first
 In the Island you know : and that's the worst—

What for won't people be content
 With their equals? And—*The heiress of Renshent?*
 I know she was, and a Ballarat—
 But, bless my soul and body! what's that,
 When you're spakin' of Moores? It couldn' be,
 And they might ha' knowed it. *But wasn' he free?*
 Nonsense! nonsense! it isn' no use!
He ought to have married her? Go to the deuce!
 Most certainly not! the Ballaglasses
 And the Ballarats! you stupid asses!
 What stuff are you talkin'? Is wine the same:
 As jough? Is water as thick as crame?
 What are you comin' to? Silk and leather!
 Confusion and folly altogether!
 No, no, my lads! The Captain was maenin'
 All right enough—there's no complainin'
 About him at all. But of coorse the fuss
 His people was makin' was scandalous!
 Dreadful! And its only raison too
 His love wouldn' be that through-and-through
 And deep and strong like the mistresses,
 So that's, you see, the way it is.
 And they had him away to England there,
 And he'd ha' married her like a shot, navar fear!
 And half the parish at the weddin',
 But he wasn' allowed, and so he didn'.
 And years afore he was back—behold ye!
 He married the English lady I tould ye,
 So that's, you see, the way it was done,
 And settled down, and had this son,
 Their only child, and spoilt him rather,
 And went for a Captain like his father.

So Misthress Cain—that's Shimmin, you know,
 That was then—was taken uncommon low,
 And wouldn' ate and wouldn' spake,
 And gettin' very thin and wake.
 And it wasn' no matter what they were tryin'—
 Aw 'deed I believe she was out of her mind,
 For a while, at least. And Parson Craine,
 A rum ould chap that was vicar then,
 Was axed would he come and pay her a visit.
 So they tould him the way. "A dumb divil, is it,
 She's got?" and they looked! "Aw, well, I guess
 You'd better lave her alone!" he says—
 Like maenin', *It's well to be rid of their talk,*
 The women, you know. Aw, a hearty old cock
 Was Craine, I've heard, a rael ould Turk.
 So then the Methodists went to work,
 And the lot of them hummin' about her likemidges;
 And got her to be a sort of religious;
 Lek stupid lek, and very meek,

And had her converted in a week—
 In a week she got pace ; and rather blamin' her
 The siow she was, like a sort of shamin' her,
Pace! Aw, 'deed, I'd aisy belave
 She *had* pace ; but was it the pace of the grave?
 Well, well; there's many worse places.
Pace! it's a word I'm fond of, pace is.
 Pace, pace from all her woes !
 Pace, pace ! God only knows—
Perfect pace—the people was sayn' ;
 Perfect pace——and then——comes Cain !

Yes, he come—he come from the South,
 And butter wouldn' melt in his mouth—
 Yandhar man ! And the holy, you never !
 And gettin the name, you know, of the clever !
 At the Methodists—bless ye ! brought him over
 A' purpose to see would he do for a lover—
Renshent's heiress ! my gough ! they knew
 Which side their bread was butterin' too.
 So nither way no *love* was meant
 She got *religion* (!), and he got Renshent.
 She hadn' a notion, I expeck,
 To have him for a husband lek
 Lek husbands is, you know, but just
 A guardian lek, that was put in trust
 With her sowl, like a guide the Lord had given
 To lead her studdy on to Heaven—
 A Christian brother and a Christian sither,
 And if this Cain had ha' tuk and kissed her,
 He'd ha' spoilt it all. But—cautious ! cautious !
 Bless ye ! that's the stuff that washes !
 And her to tell him the whole of her story,
 And hand-in-hand with him on to glory—
 That's what she thought—*her foot couldn' slip*
In such holy communion and fellowship.
 The big Tom-cat ! the smooth and the sleek
 And the soft, and the whisker on his cheek
 Just like blackin' on a boot,
 And his nice white hands, and——ough ! the brute !
 And—“Oh,” he says, “the unselfish love !”
 Renshent, you know, he was thinkin' of !

Aye, Cain—so the uncle come to die—
 Him she was gettin' the propiety by—
 And rather an awkward way he was givin' it—
 And so they got married, and come to live in it.
 And so you'd think they'd be goin jog-jog—
 Aw bless ye ! they turned a new leaf in the log
 That day, they did ; a leaf that was scored
 With blood and misery, every word—
 Death sealed it up at last, and tuk it
 To owners, that has never bruk it,

And navar will till God'll sit
Upon his judgment throne---that's it.

But still you'll hear everything almost,
No matter how they may keep it close—
The neighbour women? Of course! what else?
And the boys with sweethearts, and also the gels—
They'll talk! they'll talk! aw never fear!
And then what she tould this Tommy theer
That time, you know, and all the rest of it—
I believe I've got the proper twist of it—
I believe so. But—however, you'll see—
This is the way they were tellin' me.

Well, this Cain was not content—
He'd got the woman, he'd got Renshent;
But there was one thing he hadn' got,
The woman's love—he hadn' got that—
The bargain! the bargain! she didn' pretend—
A pious friend! a pious friend
Here below, and Heaven above—
And she shivered at the name of love.
She was beautiful—I know she was;
She was young—too young to be nail'd on a cross;
Aye—and so of coorse he'd fall
In love with her beauty—aisy all!
Couldn' help it! Well, that's a fact—
And wantin' her to love him back—
Any more? any more? Cain's love! my gough!
Cain's! A pig'll love its trough,
I dessay he will—do you think I'm hard?
Cain's love! do you *think* I don't regard
For the feelings of a man? I do!
There's not a feelinger man in the crew—
And you know it—But let it be *love* then—there!
There's odds of love, and I don't care—
I know what I mane, and I know what I say—
But how about the bargain—eh?
Obey him? serve him? so she was doin';
But—*love* him? That's another tune.
She couldn', it wasn in her power:
Her love was as dead as a dead flower—
Stick it in the ground! will it grow?
Mould it! water it! just so—
Will it blossom like the rod for Aaron?
Will it bloom and blow like a rose of Sharon?
It's stalk is bruk, it's leaves is shed—
Dead! she tould him it was dead.

Now, some men's nothin' but muck and mire,
And some is aequal full of fire:
But Cain was both, like these bogs they're tellin',
That's allis burnin' there and swellin'—

Rushes above, and turf, and that,
 But underneath they're just a vat
 Of pitch and brimstone, and all the rest,
 A big black fire of greediness—
 That was Cain. And the pride of the man
 To think he couldn' get her love like land—
 Rent it, or buy it, so much an acre—
 That, if she wouldn' love him, he couldn' make her.
 Make! make! make! No, you won't, my boy!
 Let's have that joy! for it is a joy!
 You can't! you can't! Oh isn' it glorious?
 Love victorious! love victorious!
 Victorious—eh! ah dear! the strength of it!
 And the height and the depth and the breadth and the length of it!
Make it—will ye? Make a woman's heart!
 Scoop it, and scrape in in every part!
 Send blood through its chinks, let it beat, let it burn,
 God bless your soul! make a tub, make a churn!
 Your granny's picthur!—But—he *loved her*—eh?
 He loved her,—he loved her;—well, in a way,
 I'll allow he did. But what thanks to him then?
 Could he help it? You navar seen her, my men—
 My goodness! could he help it? There!
 He was welcome to love her. But was it fair,
 When she couldn' love him, and when he knew,
 Was it fair for him—I'll lave it to you—
 First to sulk, and then to complain,
 Then ragin' fury, then sulks again,
 Till he settled down in the dead sea
 Of bitter hatred and cruelty.
 Where was the saint that she thought would direct her
 On the road to Heaven, that she thought would protect her
 Against herself, against the love
 That was still in the deep of her heart, and strove
 With the love of God? Where was he to lift her
 Above everything on earth that could drift her
 From the anchor of her sowl
 Sure and steadfast, like we're tould
 In Hebrews—do ye remember the hymn—
Jesus lover—Say't for them, Sim!
Can he? my gough! is it *can he*, ye said?
 Now, then, Simon, go ahead!

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the threatening billows roll,
 While the tempest still is nigh.

One verse, that's enough, that's all we're wantin',
 Just to show the way it's slantin'.
 He could say every word. Well, you'll easy see,
 He wasn' the man he was seemin' to be
 When the misthress married him:—it was just like wakin'

Out of a dream ; like a cloud 'd be breakin',
 Like scales goin' peelin' off her eyes,
 When she saw what he was. There's some of them dies
 Directly almost, and some drags on—
 But she knew the man ! she knew the man !
 So there you are—a sweetheart ? a lover ?
 Hadn' he taken advantage of her
 When the poor thing didn' know what she was at ?
 When she was stupid lek, with religion and that—
 Stupid—low in her mind, not knowin'
 What she was doin' nor where she was goin',
 Or what she was eatin', or how she was dressin'—
 Not fit to marry any pessin.

Well, he hated her. Reglar spite and malice ;
 But still, for all, the man was jealous
 In his very blood, in his very bone ;
 So he couldn' lave the woman alone.
 That's the worst she had to endure,
 And *Captain Moore, Captain Moore !*
 And *Captains, was it ? Captains ! aye.*
Indeed, she was lookin' middlin' high !
Captains ! Captains ! very strange !
Could she fancy a Colonel for a change ?
 Mockin', you know, upcastin' lek—
 And about *the duty* and about *the respect*,
 And then he'd fire the Screpthar at her,
 Texes on texes, chitter-chatter—
 Daniel there, and Zechariah—
 Ezekiel and Nehemiah—
 Proverbs and Leviticus—
What was the rule, he said, from the fuss ?
Wasn' the woman to cleave, it was sayin',
To the man, and the two to be one, Mrs Cain ?
One flesh, he said ; and then he'd fall
 On his knees, and pray like Peter and Paul,
 And ax her to pray—to pray, by Jove !
 To pray for love ! to pray for love !
 Love for him ! A nice request !
 Love for *him*—that her heart might be his—
 God's and his, he said, he'd share it,
 He was willin' of that—oh, yes, he could bear it.
 He could bear it, he said ; and he'd hould her
 Like a vice, till her arm, right up to the shoulder,
 Was just like ink—with his savageness.
 And he'd stand her off, and he'd look in her face
 Like some hungry brute, like watchin' the signs
 Of a *chance* of love, lek in two minds
 Would he choke her, or would he not ?
 Choke her ? kill her upon the spot ?
 And her like the dead : but navar took

Her eye off his, and the pitiful look !
 And—*how would it end ? and—who was to save her ?*
 Till he'd fling her agen the wall, and lave her.
 By gough ! he's been seen ; aye, aye, he has !
 A pane of glass is a pane of glass—
 But hadn' no notion, not him—but still—
 Very well ! very well !

But religion ! aw the divil was keen—
 He was more religious till ever he'd been ;
 Strict uncommon, and strict he kept—
 I wonder if that man ever slept—
 One eye open I should think—
 Navar touched a drop of drink ;
 And just the same when I got to know him
 Long years after. “A happy home,”
 He'd say, “is the thing”—*unworthy, no doubt,*
Unworthy—but what was he talkin' about ?

Grace was free,
And who were we ?
 And—fiddledee !

And the cup to his mouth, and sippin' and sippin',
 And lookin' at the wife as sweet as drippin'—
 “Yes !” and he'd sigh—“a blessed privilege !”
 But why he didn' call it divilege,
 When he was about it, its hard to say—
 I suppose there's privilege
 That is divilege—
 But—that's the way !
 My gough ! to see him smoothin' his chin,
 And scraped like a priddha to begin,
 Just like paintin' (maybe he was)—
 Paintin' out the Divil's cross.

So that's the story she had to tell,
 Like a craythur cryin' out of hell
 To any body passin', to see
 Would they pity her in her misery.
 Yes, she tould him—he didn' try to stop her—
 But very nice, you know, and proper—
 Like shuitable for him to hear—
 Aw, that was the woman ! navar fear !
 And—“Tommy, Tommy,” says Missis Cain,
 “The curse is come upon them again—
 The curse ! the curse !” And—*she'd send a letter*
The very next day to Nelly, to get her
To come—and most particular.
 And Tommy of course, you know, not to be there.

And so she did : so Nelly come,
 And this Cain, for all, was away from home.
 So ups with Nelly, and took and tould her

All about it. She didn' scould her—
 No, no ! not her—but just the way
 It was ; and the people had got it to say—
 “What people?” says Nelly, and the stiff she stud !
 “What people? if you'll be so gud?”
 “A friend of yours,” says Mrs Cain,
 “A lovin' friend”—“That's the *people* you mane,”
 Says Nelly, as sharp ! So she didn' deny,
 Didn' the misthress, but fit to cry ;
 For she thought this Nelly was rather hard,
 For a young thing like that, and wasn' prepared.
 And bless ye ! maybe *a bit of a brazen*,
 Thinks the misthress : but everything in its saison—
 I navar wasn' for imprince—no !
 I don't like it. But, even so—
 Mygough ! there's things—why, bless your noddly !
 Musn' a body stand up to a body,
 When there's one body botherin' at him,
 And another body at the bottom—
 And you don't know, but still you've a guess ?
 My gough ! I'll tell ye what it is—
 That's hard, if you like ! your life, your love,
 Your heart of hearts— and they'll take and shove
 Their fist in there ! aw I know it well !
But still it's differin' for a gel ?
And the misthress, you says, that kind—well, yiss—
And fisses !—my goodness ! the misthress's fiss !
 All right ! all right ! just the pride and the pluck,
 And the *touch-me-not* ! look out, my buck !
 Will she ? won't she ? what's the use ?
 Aye, and see ye at the deuce !
 As quite as a lamb, and as bould as a ferret—
 Some women's got a terbil sperrit.

“He loves you dearly.” “Who loves me?” says Nelly,
 “Who loves me ?” and up with the head like a filly,
 Like sniffin' the wind—they're splendid craythurs
 Is them, lek accordin' to their nathurs,
 Splendid—like sniffin'—“Who loves me ? who ?”
 So the misthress tould her. “Aw, that'll do !”
 Says Nelly—and a little laugh—and she says,
 “I think I'll go now, ma'am, if you plase ;
 If you plase ma'am, I'll be goin', I think”—
 And the misthress felt her heart go sink—
 But held on, for her sowl was cravin' to her,
 This Nelly, the very first minute she saw her,
 For she saw that she was the raal stuff,
 That's it ! and no matter for the huff—
 Huffed ! but wasn' it like prent,
 The beautiful and the innocent ?
 The sweet and the true ? But—whether or not—
 Chut ! the misthress loved her like a shot—

And *how to save her*? She seen the sowl
Was trimblin' all over, for she couldn' hould,
No matter the huffed—aw hard to hide!
Love is a stronger thing than pride.

So the misthress tould her all the same
She done to Tommy, only the name
She didn' tell—but a *gentleman*
That was far above her, and how it began,
And how it ended—*no doubt, for the best—*
No doubt—but oh! the bitterness!
And “Nelly, I wouldn' be tellin' you this,
If I didn' love you—give me a kiss!”
And *Nelly darlin'!* and—*Nelly sweet!*
Then Nelly ran to the misthress' feet,
And laid her head in her lap, and flung
Her arms around her, and clung, and clung,
And sobbed and sobbed a good while—
Aw, bless ye! what was she but a child?
Then the misthress took her bonnet off,
And slackened her a bit abaft,
And caught her round and round the neck,
And spread herself upon her lek—
Aw, Nelly herself has towld me—and she lay,
And the gathered, and sheltered, and hid away,
And nussed, and coaxed, and folded in,
She said it was just astonishin'
The complete the world seemed all to go
From her lek—that she didn' know
Nothin' at all, but just the door
Was shut on all sorrows for evermore.

But when Nelly got a bit peacefuller,
Then the misthress sthrooghed her hair,
And reddied it, and made it nice—
Dear me! the tender and the wise—
Eh? my gough! till she brought it round
To spake about Tommy, and the way he was down
Altogether, lek low in his mind—
And *the good, and the faithful, and the kind—*
And—*any woman, no matter who,*
Might be proud to marry him; and—“it's you!
It's you he's lovin' more than his life!
Oh Nelly, couldn' ye be his wife?
Aw, try, Nelly! aw, I think ye could—
Aw, Nelly! there's no mistake he's good.”
But Nelly shivered in every limb—
And—“Oh! don't talk to me about him!”
She says, “for if he's as good as gool,
He's a fool,” she says, “and a stupid fool.”
My word! she was up again like fire.
But the mistriss thought she wouldn' try her
That way any more, but just

To pet her, and coax her, the way you must
With the lek, you know, if its peace you're for—
Or else—my gough ! look out for war !

Aye—but she got her as quiet as quiet,
And then she went, but that very night
The misthress made up her mind to spake
To Captain Moore himself, to take
Some order someway with the son—
Hard it was, but it had to be done.
And she saw the captain ; but what occurred,
To tell ye the truth, I navar heard —
Only the misthress came home very weakly,
And off with her to bed directly ;
And whiter till white ; and it was raelly too much—
Ould love is a dangerous thing to touch.

But listen to me ! Just a week after that
I was down at Renshent ; and the whole of the lot
Sittin' up all night there in the kitchen,
Afraid of the storm, that was nearly hitchin
The roof off the house—Nor-West by Nor—
Dead in, you know, upon the shore—
Great guns—and impossible for me
To get home, so stayed for company.

And Cain was there, with his face in a frown
Like thunder ; but the misthriss was lyin' down,
They said, in the parlour ; very sick—
So these boys was up to every trick,
Pretendin' they had to hould the gels
For the freckened they were—dear me ! what else !
And snugglin' up, and whisperin'—
And very lovin' and comfortin'—
Bless ye ! coortin' away like dust—
'Takin' advantage scandalous.

And Cain someway didn' seem to be heedin',
An ! he had a book, but he wasn' readin'—
He seen them well enough, I'll be bail—
But he looked to be thinkin' there a dale.
But Tommy wasn' with them at all ;
And so I says to Harry Phaul—
One of these chaps—"Where's Tommy to-night?"
And the wink went round upon me straight,
And nudgin' and lookin', till one of them said—
"Haven' ye heard——?" "Silence ! ye jade !"
Says Cain, and looks at the gel like murder—
"This talk," he says, "must go no further—
It isn' accordin' to your station,
And it isn' to the use of edification."
So the gel gev a frump, like *dear me* ?
"Look here !" he says, "you're talkin' too free—
Yes—and very undesi'ble—
And I'll read you four chapters in the Bible

In a minute," he says, "like a shot," he says—
 "Four chapters, every vess—"

Four chapters, if a finger stirred o' them !

Four chapters, every word o' them !

"Silence ! I say." And he stamps the foot—

"A chatt'rin', aggravatin' slut !

But this young Baynes," he says, "may ax
 What has happened—I'll state the fax !

I'll state them," he says, "ye jack-daw !

And every one of ye hould your jaw !

This is the fax. Our Thomas Gellin',

For raisins best known to himself, has fell in

Love with a person they're callin Quine—

Ellen ; if I rightly mind.

Now, this gel was a sarvant in Captain Moore's,

That should have turned her out of doors

Long ago—but, however,——this Nancy—

Nelly, I mane, takes the captain's fancy—

The young captain's. They'd words—all right—

Him and the father—that's Wednesday night.

Thursday—that's yesterday—Nicky Freel

Brings the captain's yacht from Peel,

And anchors her inside the bay ;

And there she was lyin' the whole of the day.

At six o'clock this evenin'

This young pesson isn' in—

Nither's the captain—can't be found—

And then, wherever she was bound,

This yacht they're callin' the Waterwitch

Is off to sea with every stitch—

And a woman aboard.—Well, it's nat'ral rather,

And, puttin' two and two together,

It isn' cuttin it very fine

To think this woman is Ellen Quine—

No—so the people have got it they're off

To Scotland of course, and I'm tould their craft

Is small, and very bad prepar'd—

And certainly its blowing hard—

And Gelling—that was allis short—

Don't take his affliction the way that he ought ;

But's gone clane mad, and out on the shore,

And says he'll navar come back no more—

See the carnal mind, see !

Where's his faith ? perplexin' to me !"

And when he was speaking there come a strain

That rocked the house—"It's blowin'," says Cain :

"Blowin' !" says I ; "she'll never live !

That thing 'll go down like an ould sieve,

If she tries her course—I know the boat ;

But she'll navar show the canvass to't

Her only chance is to run—d'ye hear !"

I was gettin' rather 'cited there—

"And where'll she run to ? I give you warnin'

That vessel'll be ashore afore mornin'."

I tell ye the words were hardly gon from me
 When the door burst open, and in comes Tommy—
 My gough! the drippin'! and white as a ghost,
 And his eyes all ablaze, and his voice all hoast—
 And—"Run!" he says, "the lot of ye, run!
 She's on the Rue! she's done! she's done!"
 "The Rue!" I says, "just so! that's it!"
 (The Rue is a point to the westward a bit)—
The Rue—"Come along!" says I, "let's slope!"
 "Get a ladder!" I says, "and plenty of rope!
 Light the lanthorn! bear a hand!"
 Says Cain,— "You're quite a perffessional man!"
 I raelly thought he was going to bother
 About some humbuggin' thing or another
 Even then—but he wasn' so bad as that—
 'Deed he was as active as a cat,
 Was Cain—and skilful, and houldin' out—
Under orders? no doubt! no doubt!
 Of course! guy heng! and who was he,
 To work a wreck, compared with me?
 Well, I should think so! only raison!
 And everybody in his saison.

The day was bruk when we got to the Rue,
 And there was the Waterwitch full in view.
 She wasn't on, but very near it,
 Just makin' her last tack to clear it:
 They'd tried to anchor, but the cable went snap;
 They'd tried her with the jib and a scrap
 Of a mizzen, but it wouldn' do—
 Closer, closer to the Rue!
 And, when we came upon the beach,
 They were settin' the mainsail reefed to the leech—
 And the only chance there was for the ship—
 When there came a squall, and the mast gev a rip
 And out of her, and there she was!
 Roullin' on like a dead hoss—
 Helpless, you know, "Stand by now, men!
 She'll strike, and strike, and strike again,
 Afore she'll settle"—I says; and she gave
 A heel to starboard; and then a wave,
 Like an elephant, took her on his back,
 And in with a run, and crack—crack—crack!
 And then a scrunch, the way I said,
 And the Waterwitch had made her bed—
 Fast—stuck fast in a sort of a jint
 Betwixt two rocks, that lay off the pint
 About a thirty fathom or so,
 And covered them; and the tide'd flow
 Maybe an hour after that—
 My gough! like a mouse with a cat!
 And the short seas herryin' her,

And the long seas buryin' her,
 And the tearin' and sawin' on the rocks—
 You could see she was breakin' up like a box.
 So says I—"The work has got to be done!"
 And sthrips—says Cain, "Go on, my son!"
 "No!" says Tommy, "I'll go!" says he;
 "I'll go!" he says, "it's me! it's me!"
 "Look here!" says I, "just wait a second!
 Look here now, Tommy! how long do ye reckon
 You'll live in that sea? The very first flop
 'll rowl ye over like a top.
 If you want to be drowned, that's another story.
 But are you detarmined to go to glory
 All at once—eh, Tommy?" says I.
 "If I die," he says, "I'd like to die!"
 "Indeed!" I says, "aw dear! aw dear!
 Whisper, 'Tommy!' and I stooped to his ear—
 "Whisper—patience just a bit!
 Maybe you're goin' to have her yet!"
 Aw! by gough, he was just like a lamb—
 Coaxin'! that's the way I am!

So I says to the chaps—"Is any one wantin'
 This job?" I says, "for it's time to be slantin'."
 Not a word—"Are ye sure now?—Right as a riddle!"
 And I ties the rope around my middle,
 And ready coiled, and how—God knows!
 But I shut my eyes, and in I goes!
And wasn' I divin' under the says?
 Divin'! divin', if ye plase?
 Teach your granny to suck eggs!
 But it's terbil nasty about your legs
 A rope like that—and payin' it out
 Far too free—bein' willin', no doubt,
 But no 'sperience, you know—hard work!
 And no mistake! There was a regular turk
 Caught me half-way—my gough! what a brute!
 I'll swear I thought I'd navar get through't.
 And these divils ashore—it's worse they got—
 I'd a mind to go back, and kick the lot—
 But—however—what with tuggin' and luggin',
 And givin' and takin', for all their humbuggin',
 Just when I thought I had enough,
 Somebody gript me by the scruff,
 And afore a man could turn on his heel
 I had my arms round Nicky Freel.
 No time for talk!—"The stump o' the mast!
 Bear a hand, Nick! make fast! make fast!"
 And gives him the rope—when where come a rowl,
 And a bump! and I don't know in my sowl—
 But he dropt it—*Nicky?* Out of his hand!
 Dropt it! and these chaps on the land

Haulin' for all they felt the loose—
 Haulin' away like the very dence—
 Like they'd got a whale—he dropt the rope—
Nicky Freel ! like soap ! like soap !
And him a sailor !—all very fine !
 “Nicky !” I says, “where's Nelly Quine ?”
 And I looked, and there they had her lashed
 To the cabin companion—my gough ! the washed
 The craythur looked, the washed and the wore—
 Half drowned, you know—“I'll take ye ashore,”
 I says, and the Captain standin' by—
 “I'll take the young woman ashore,” says I.
 He looked at me very hard, and then
 He loosed the lanyarn, and—“Listen, friend !”
 Says the Captain, “Suppose I don't live,” he says,
 “To reach that shore, remember this !
 Whatever happens, dyin' or livin',
 Nelly's as pure as an angel in Heaven.”
 And so he gave her to me, and so
 I says—“It's time for us to go ;”
 And made her fast across my hips—
 “Now, then !” I says, and in I slips—
 Easy, you know, very easy, and humours
 All I could, and makes these boomers
 Ride me as nice as possible,
 And treadin' the trough, you know ; but still
 She hung upon my back like death—
 Not a word ! no, no ! not a sound ! not a breath !
 I thought she was dead— not the smallest tick
 In all her body—so I struck out quick
 And hard ; but a sea come tearin' along,
 And caught me up, and wrenched me that strong,
 And bothered me, that the next that came
 Knocked me over like a bame—
 Senseless—like a log of timber—
 And so, of course, that's all I remember
 Till I felt the smell of a body smookin',
 And a lot of people round me lookin',
 And three of us side by side there lyin'—
 The Captain, and me, and Nelly Quine—
 Her in the middle—but they'd turned her head
 Away from the Captain, because he was dead—
 Dead, poor chap ! But Nelly, the sowl !
 Was sleepin' just like a two-year-old.
 “Hullo !” says I ; “hullo !” says Nickey—
 Him that was smookin', and likewise Mickey—
 Clague, I mean. So then they stated
 How the young Captain waited and waited
 Till he seen the lot of them landed there,
 And then he jumped, and swam very fair,
 Strong, they said, but cautiously—
 When, all of a sudden ! the boom, d'ye see !

That was soulgerin' about in the trough;
 Gave a heave, and a drop ! and hit him, my gough !
 Hit him just aback of the skull,
 And knocked him over like a bull—
 Killed him, it's lek, upon the spot :
 For when the body come in, they got
 No signs of life, nor nothin' in it—
 Killed him, I expec', that minute.

So Cain must have a bit of prayer over us—
The way the Lord was extending His care over us,
 He said ; and so it's prayer we had :
 And then we took and sent a lad
 For a cart for Nelly, and another to go
 So quick as he could, and let them know
 At the Ballaglass. So we got the cart,
 And Nelly a heisin, and made a start.
 But the Captain's body was left in a cove,
 And chaps to watch it. So on we drove,
 And the poor gel there hangin' all of a dangle,
 Sthrooghin' just the same as a tangle—
 The limp, you know ; and her clothes all twisted
 And ruxed about her ; and the way she listed
 This way, that way, as if her neck
 Hadn' no bone in it. But I didn' leck
 The way that chap was lookin' at her—
Cain ? Aye, Cain—but no matter ! no matter !
 Cain, sure enough—so we done our endeavour,
 And up to the house with her howsomedeever—
 And *where to put her ?* and—bear a hand there !
 And—“ The hayloft 'll do for the lek o'yandhar—
 Says Cain—“ The hayloft !” and I gev a star’—
 “ Is it wantin' to feed the rots ye are ?
 Haylofts !” I says. So he grunted though ;
 But what was he goin' to say I don't know ;
 For the Mistress come, so soft and swift,
 Like ghoses comes, ye know—just a whiff
 Of somethin' white—like an owl's wing—
 And she ran at Nelly like a greedy thing ;
 And Nelly lifted up her head,
 And fell in the Mistress' arms, like dead.

So Cain was lookin' rather foolish then,
 And of course, you know, no use of men—
 So we stood to one side ; and, I'll tell ye what !
 The divil a one but off with his hat,
 Lek round a coffin : and the gels there cryin',
 And huddlin' and cuddlin', and Nelly lyin'
 On the whole of their laps, and goin' a carryin'
 In on the parlour, exac like a buryin'—
 And—to *keep away* ! and the door shut ;
 So Cain stood glasses, and so I cut.

But *Tommy*? Tommy, did ye say?
 Aw, he was over the hills and far away
 Long afore that. And, dear me now!
 You'd ha' thought ould Cain had ha' kicked up a row
 About Tommy breakin' articles
 Like yandhar—*Noticin'*, is it? Bills
 Of ladin', contracks, charter-parties,
 And all the rest of it—go it, my hearties!
 Breach of promise? Breach of something—
 And ould Gelling, too! But that's a rum thing—
 Just when you'd ha' thought the man'd been furious,
 To take it that aisy'—wasn't it curious?
 Not a bit of it! bless your soul!
 But you'll be tould! you'll be tould!

So Tommy was gone; but Nelly got better,
 And then the lot of them was at her
 To stay for a servant with them there,
 And so she did: and the best of a year
 No news of Tommy; but the people was sayin'
 They were hearin' a sort of music playin'
 In the air sometimes—like a sort of disthress—
 Like a fiddle cryin' about the place—
 Like a *cry*, they said, and a surt of a mean to it—
 (I've axed Tommy himself, but he wouldn't own to it).
 So the people said it wasn't right
 At all: but Cain tuk a gun one night,
 And fired it out at the front door,
 And then they navor heard it no more.

Aye, aye! but afore the next Mbeillea
 There was wonderful news of Tommy, I tell ye—
 Just so! just so! aw, hould your luff!
 Wonderful, wonderful, sure enough!
 Well now, this is the way it was—
 Nelly's father, ye see, was lost
 Off the Shellags one night, with Illiam Crowe,
One-eyed Illiam? exactly so.
 And the widda come down most terrible,
 And all the mouths she had to fill—
 I don't know the number—and it's hard for such,
 And Nelly helpin', but it wasn't much—
 What could she do? aw a reglar battle,
 And *executions*, and I don't know what all,
 And the bed goin' sellin' from under them,
 And all to that, till at last it came
 She had to give in. And Nelly took heart
 To ax this Cain to take their part,
 Just, you know, to spake to the Coroner
 For the mother, poor soul! that he wouldn't be purrin' her

To the road altogether, and no expense,
 And did. But Tommy's tould me since
 That Nelly was sayin' she'll navar forget
 The way he looked when she axed him that—
 Lek the divil gev him a dig in the ribs,
 Or the back, or somewhere—and takes and cribs
 His eyes like pennywinkles just—
 She didn' know the better or wuss
 Nor the nothin' them times—but I'll be bail—
 Bless ye! looks 'll mane a dale,
 A dale will looks : but helped them though ;
 And then the widda thought she'd go
 To Douglas, to live with a sisthar theer ;
 And so the Coroner got them clear,
 Or clear of them. And so Mrs Quine
 Off to the sisthar—but—very fine !
 Sisthars ! will they ? Not a bit o' them !
 Showed her the door, and all the kit o' them.
 And tooproud to go back—you know, the disgrace—
 And Douglas is hardly a Christian place :
 Bless ye ! Douglas, as a rule,
 Is just as bad as Liverpool.

So she wandered about on the bare street,
 And not a stockin' to her feet ;
 And worer and ragg'der, and thinner and starveder,
 Till one of these bobbies tuk and obsarved her—
 That's their word and brought her up
 Afore the High-Bailiff—not a bite or a sup
 At the woman for days—and the childher all round her
 Cryin' ; and that's where Tommy found her—
In the Coort ? In the Coort. “ Is there one of ye knows her ? ”
 Says the High-Bailiff : “ I was used to, Sir,”
 Says a little chap in the crowd ; and, blow me !
 If the little chap they had wasn' Tommy—
 Tommy, for sure ! And—“ I'll take care o' them,”
 Says Tommy there—“ I think there's a pair o' them,”
 Says the High-Bailiff, and he laughed, and he turned
 The leaf of his book, and the bobbies girmed—
 Of coorse ! of coorse ! But still they were plazed,
 Aw yes, they were, and the woman amazed ;
 But stuck to Tommy, and out on the door—
 And—“ Mind you'll not come here no more ! ”
 Says the High-Bailiff. But when she got out.
 And tuk a look at the chap, no doubt,
 And seen the surt, she lost all heart—
 Poor soul ! and actual made a start
 To cut and lave him. But Tommy caught her,
 And Tommy entreated and Tommy besought her,
 And these little midges set up a boo !
 And the woman didn' know what to do—

"Tommy, ye dunkey ! it is a' no gud !
 Ye cudn' !" she says ; " I cud ! I cud !"
 Says Tommy : " try me ! try me ! " he says ;
 " I've got a terbil shuitable place,"
 Says Tommy—" Come, Mrs Quine, aw come !"
 And so she went, but very glum—
 Lek shamed, you know, at the undersize
 And that, lek thinkin' he wasn' wise.

So Tommy done the best he was able,
 And tuk a lodgin' in Guttery Gable,
 Or somewhere—just one room they had ;
 But he worked like a haythen naygur, he did.
 And the woman wasn' a bad soul ether,
 Only a little cretchy rather—
 Cretchy, or something of the kind,
 And uphouldin' the days she lived with Quine.
She shudn' ! No, of coorse she shudn' ;
But—that's the times she got the puddin',
Heavin' it down the sink, she said—
Plenty of botther to her bread
Them times, she said : you know their way !
 Women *muss* hev somethin' to say—
Muss—and——yes, it was rather hard
 On Tommy. But, bless ye ! he didn' regard.
 Tommy had a hope in his bussum,
 Had Tommy—and 'd take the childher, and nuss 'em,
 Or wash them, or anything at all :
 Till at last the sisthar gev a call
 One evenin' : and she saw the nate
 And comfibil, and—gettin late,
 And—*could she sit till mornin' theer ?*
 And cuddled her up in a arm cheer,
 And had her breakfast, and liked the tay,
 And never left them anyway—
Pride, eh ? Turn your back, and *Pride*
 'il ate all you'll give him, and more beside.

And all in a little bit of a room
 About the length of a lugger's boom—
 And dacent lek, ye know, in their habits,
 But all in a little room like rabbits.
 Bless your sowl ! there wasn' no harm in,
 But the people said Tommy was turned a Mormon—
Two wives, they said, and it ought to be looked to,
 And—*Pazon Dobson should be spoke to.*

So Dobson come in with a speech to make to them,
 But he laughed that hearty he cudn' spake to them.
 For, the time he come, they were goin to bed,
 And the women had rigged a hammock, he said,
 And rove it up to the roof with a tackle ;

And the minute they heard him, my gough ! the cackle !
 And "Tommy, you fool !" and "Tommy, you dirt !"
 And Tommy standin' in his shirt—
 "Here's Pazon Dobson ! for all the sakes !
 Tommy !!!" and in a brace of shakes
 Heaves, and whips him up to a bame,
 Like a fitch of bacon, and makes fast the same,
 And laves him danglin' under the laths,
 And turns about, and smooths their brats,
 And—"Good evenin', Sir !" and curtseyin—
 My gough ! the Pazon laughed like sin.
 And "Tommy, how are ye gettin on up-stairs ?"
 He says, and "Did ye say your prayers,
 Tommy ?" that's all, bein' gev to jokin',
 And out, and down the sthreet, and chokin'.
 But still a dale more dacenter
 To have the falla slung up there—
 Just a block, and a strong hook,
 And a promise at Tommy he wouldn' look,
 And then they could sthrip, and out with the light,
 And in to the childher with them straight.

So that's the news that come to Renshent,
 And Nelly hed ha' tuk and went
 Over the mountains like a shot
 That very minute, but the Misthress said not,
 And coaxed and coaxed, and—"Nelly ! Nelly !
 You relly are too hard now, relly !
 Isn' it all for you he's doin' it ?
 An' it'll be your fault if he's ever ruin' it—"
 And—to *do unto others*—"arn' we bidden ?"
 And—"Don't, Nelly, don't !" So Nelly didn'.

But still there was other things both'rin' the gel—
Cain ? Aye, Cain—most terrible !
 Aw there's no mistake the man was bad,
 At laste, ye know, if he wasn' mad—
A touch of both—I wouldn' thruss—
 But Nelly didn see it at fuss—
 No she didn'---if you'd only ha' ast her,
 She'd ha' said he was such a *nice* master—
Nice she'd ha' said, *nice*, d'ye mind !
Pious very, but terbil kind—
Kind she'd ha' said--*such gentleness !*
Such ---that's the way the women is—
 It's no use o' talkin' ! they will ! they will !
 That's the way with the women still—
Kind and pious ! folly and blindness !
 That's the piety and the kindness !
 Vanity and consate—that's it :
 Well—howsomdever—just wait a bit !

But the misthress saw it—like a weather-glass
 Is these wakely women ; not a speck 'll pass
 But they'll have it there—aw, I don't know the wake
 Or the what—it's lek the delicake
 And the hung that fine—but let that be—
 They'll see what nobody else 'll see.
 And—*What for would she care?* What for would she care !
 Well, that's a clever chap, I'll swear—
 Clever he is now, yes he is—
 Very deep—what is it he says ?
She didn't love Cain from the day of the weddin' ?
 No, I'm happy to say she didn't—
 Nor never after—that's more !
 (I thought I'd settled that afore) ;
 Never after she didn't love him :
 So you want to make out that that's what druv him
 Wrong altogether ? Now, is it that ?
 Is it ? Or what are you drivin' at ?
 Eh ? I'll stick to it like glue,
 Cain was a divil, so that 'll do—
 A despard divil. But still, guy heng !
 If you'll give me a chance, I'll tell you a thing.
 I'm as willin' as any man can be
 For th' be reasonable, don't ye see ?
 Reasonable—that's the surt ;
 But contindickin', and all such dirt
 Is boosely ! boosely ! and I'd have you to know !
 And I'll throuble you to hold your jaw !

Yes, of coorse, the way I'm statin',
 If chaps is only accomodatin',
 And reasonable, reasonable—
 That's the thing—I'll engage I'll be able
 To clear the clew : but, bless my guzzit !
 Reasonable is the thing that does it—
 Reasonable—aye—and *ar'n' ye ?*
 All right ! but just I want to warn ye.

Now, here's the way—*No love*, you said,
For Cain ! no love—is it barley-bread,
 This love ? Is it leeks. Is it ? What is it now
 Yes, yes ! my gough ! I'll allow, I'll allow—
 Love for Cain—No, none that *I* know of—
 Oh, of coorse ! the woman he got the rhino of—
 Of coorse—but the heart. As God's in heaven,
 It was never given ! it was never given !
 You were talkin' of love—Well, Nelly there,
 Wasn't there no love for her
 At the misthress, I mane ? Why, warn ye tould
 She loved her like her own sowl ?
 And for her to be singed with the fire of the breath
 Of that man's—love—it was worse than death.
 Aye, and look here now ! what d'ye think ?

Was the mistress a woman that you'd fancy would wink
 At work like that? Could she have it at all?
 Come now! was it pozzible?
 Could she have it about her? Could she have it near her?
 Anywhere? Any way? Aw, never fear her!
 You didn't know Mrs Cain—my chree! my chree!
 That was full of nothin' but dacency.

Aye, but there's more—there's more though still,
 And so I'll confess it, aw, deed I will.
 Do you know—my gough! it's an ould song—
 What it is to be right, and yet to be wrong?
 Not her fault—no, no! but—look!
 Swore upon the Holy Book—
 Swore—d'ye see? Aw, it's no use denyin'—
 Swore—and still, if the woman was dyin',
 What could she do? She hadn' gorr it—
 Love! what love? the only thing for it
 Was death, not love: death, death's the cry!
 Sell love? sham love? no, die, die, die!

But more than swore, more than swore—
 Ten thousand times more! ten thousand times
 more!

Here was a man that was goin' to ruin
 Most terrible—and whose doin'?
 Whose? Aw, don't be hard! aw, don't!
 Yes—*she* thought so, but *me*! I won't!
 Navar! Navar! God help me then!
 Navar! Navar! Christ's sake, Amen!
 She thought so—yes, just what you'd expeck—
 But, oh! be pitiful to the leck!
 That's the thought that done the jeel,
 Goin' like a threddle to a wheel,
 Thrib-throbbin' night and day,
 The sore that sucked her life away.
She hadn' loved him! and who could tell
 What might have been? aw well, well, well!
 I know, I know—if she could have done it,
 If she could, if she could? but who begun it?
 Who made it unpozzible from the fuss?
 No, no, my lads! I'll not cuss—
 But this if—if—if! what's the gud of *if*?
 What'll it carry? what'll it lift?
If she cud—just the smallest taste—
 Just so—*if, if!* in case, in case!
 And all the rest of it, I suppose he'd ha' got
 To be a reglar angel—what?
 This Cain—an angel, cocked in a bush
 Like at Moses theer—ah I only wush
 These *ifs* were not so sharp and crook'd,
 And catchin', and houldin', and gettin' hook'd
 In the very flesh, and no aisin' to't

Till Death'll haul you into his boat,
And wrench the hooks, and set you free
From all the throuble and misery.

Too late ! too late ! I'm glad it was—
The slack'd fire broke out at last,
Lek the Divil had lit a fiery sun
That scorched her face to look upon.
What ! Cain ? Yes, bless ye ! plain as plain—
He didn' make no secret didn' Cain—
It seemed as if all care was past,
It seemed as if he was happy at last,
Happy, happy, or goin' to be it,
And still this Nelly didn' see it.
Wonderful ! wonderful, I've heard
About *the state of her sowl* good Lord !
Yes—aw yes—and 'd give her instruction
Himself, you know—"The introduction,"
He was used to say, "of this young pessin
To the truth is deeply interessin'—"
A lamb of the flock, he said ; aw dear !
And wolves, he said, *prowlin' everywhere ;*
Wolves, he said ; *but the fold was near.*
The scroundhrel-villyan ! and allis tuk her
To chapel himself, and up and stuck her
In the front pew—and high and low
Could see, but Nelly didn', no !
Such a fatherly man, she thought, *so good,*
And holy, you know ; and there she stood
In the chapel, like a primrose in the spring,
And as sweet and as foolish as anything—
And the starin'—but she didn' know what it meant—
Terrible, terrible innocent—
Terrible in the world for sure,
The sweet, the innocent, and the pure—
And very beautiful ! she *was* that—
And then this tremenjis ould Tom cat
Purris' there in the pulpit, and prayin',
And praechin', and hardly knowin' what he was sayin'
For lookin' at Nelly : and Nelly 'd look
Up at him from off her book—
And nothin' in the craythur's mind
But pride and wondher—poor Nelly Quine !

But others seen it—what ? *the gels ?*
Seen it of coorse—my gough ! who else !
Likewise the boys—of an evenin' theer
At home you know—and the Book, and the cheer—
And—"Aw !" he'd say, "the power of grace !"
And put a finger in the place,
And his other hand on Nelly's head—
"The power of grace ! of grace !" he said ;
And pattin' theer, and the big smooth smile,

And—"The Lord is daelin' with this child."
 "Oh !" he says, "it's grace that's in,"
 And the hand goin' sliddherin' under her chin.
 And then he'd be readin' all the chapters
 That's talkin of love—"Oh !" he'd say, "the raphthurs !
 The puffick joy ! And lizzen to this !
Greet one another with a holy kiss !
 See !" he'd say, "my childrin', see
 The joy of Christian liberty !
 If it hadn' been for *the unrighteous leaven*,
 See what kisses we'd be hevvin !"
 "Dear me !" he'd say, "if you were all God's sons
 And daughters, we might begin at once ;"
 And dhrops the book, and sticks his thumb in
 His oxther, and gives a surt of a hummin',
 And lookin' the way you could aisy tell he
 'd like uncommon to begin with Nelly.

Did they wink ? did they nudge ? enjoyin' the spree ?
 Certainly, most certainly !
 And sometimes he'd be lookin' very black at them ;
 And sometimes, d'ye know ! he'd be laughin' back at them—
 Actyall ! yes ! he wud, he wud !
Dhrunk ? No—the pison in his blood ;
 Or—— I don't know ; but in general,
 He wasn' takin' no notice at all ;
 But just like a body in a dhrame,
 As sweet as sugar, and as soft as crame.
 I believe in my sowl—honour bright !—
 The man was thinkin' he was all right.
Sometimes ? Yes ; and weeks at a time —
 Lek nothin' in the world could annoy 'm ;
 Just azackly as if he was livin'
 In another world, *saved and forgiven*,
With other loss and other gain,
 With another Nelly and another Cain.
Decavin' himself ? No, no ! d'ye see !
 Navar not decavin' nobody
 Such times—like settled long ago,
 And no use to be spakin' nor nothin', ye know ;
 But just to be happy, and have no bother
 This way that way, one thing or another—
 Happy, happy ; allis the same--
 Just to go go on, and dhrame and dhrame.
Like yandhar Chineses, did ye say ?
 Chineses, Chineses ! Aye ? What way ?
 Oh, I understand you—Whanko Fum.
 Just so—agate of this opium ?
 Well—no—no—no—that wasn' it.
 No ! not with Cain ; not a bit, not a bit !
 Far more, I tell ye ; far more ! Because
 He was raelly happy. Yes, he was ;

Raelly happy. For this Nelly at Cain's
 Made the man's blood go sweet in his veins—
 Lifted the falla up from the mire
 Of his spite, and his hate, and his hell-fire ;
 Grew like a lily or a pink
 'll grow by the side of some dirty sink,
 Or a midden—— *Hard?* No, I'm not hard !
 A midden in a farmyard !
 A midden, by gough ! I'll stick to that.
 A midden or a tanyard vat
 My senses ! a midden 's twice too gud for him.
 A beauty for pinks and lilies to bud for him !
 There now, there now ! Labour in vain !
 You've got him, you've got him ! So take your Cain !
 It's no use, my men ; keep quiet ! keep quiet !
 How could it be right ? how could it be right ?
 Heaven above, or earth beneath ;
 Right is right in the Devil's teeth.
Lovin' Nelly ! What did ye say ?
That was sugar for any man's tay?
 Certainly ! and no thanks to be gud,
 If you were lovin' her ; I think you shud !
 And her lovin' you—aw, at that price,
 Ould Nick himself 'd 'a' tuk to be nice—
 Yes, there's no doubt ; but I can't discover
 How he had any right to love her—
 Any right, or any sense.
 My gough ! he knew he hadn' a chance
 To get Nelly to love him. What was there in him
 But muck and mash and hissin' venom ?
 Could he love ? He could hate—he hated his wife !
 Put a dhrop of love into that man's life ;
 Run a river of love what's the gud of it all ?
 It'd only turn to the bitter gall.
 He had soaked himself in spite—d'ye see ?
 He had steeped himself in cruelty.
 He was pison to the very briu—
 All the love on earth couldn' sweeten him.
 Plant a apple tree in a bog—will it root ?
 In a hungry bog—will it bring forth fruit ?
 Plant love in Cain—don't you know what would happen
 It wouldn' be love ; it wouldn' have the sup in,
 Nor nathur, nor nothin' : it would breed grubs ;
 It would rot ; it would stink. It 'll do in dubs,
 Will dirty water ; but, so soon as it flows,
 Stand to one side, or hould your nose !

Aw, he had to keep quiet—his only look out ;
 And as long as he could, there isn' no doubt
 The man had a surt of happiness,
 A surt of peace, a surt of rest—
 A surt—but still he knew if he'd spake

One word that Nelly couldn' mistake,
 One word ! his dhrame would go like a puff—
 'That's what my lad knew well enough.

So he had to humour his dhrame that way,
 To spin it out, to coax it to stay—
 Lek all that was ever like to be—
 And it made him as peaceful there, and free—
 Bless your sowl ! he was gettin' quite kind
 To the misthress even, lek he'd made up his mind
 Lek all to be happy like in a story,
 Lek Nelly'd got them up to glory,
 Nor where, nor when, nor how, nor who—
 And the misthress to be in it too.
 But who and how, and where and when,
 Must have an answer, must, my men.

And so there was times when the divil awoke,
 And seen he was just the fool of a joke,
 And sickened at these slops of love,
 Or whataver trash he was dreamin' of.
 And then the seven divils came
 And filled his sowl with rage and flame :
 And his shouldhers shuck, and his face fell,
 And his heart was like a coal of hell
 And he'd take for the shore or anywhere—
 Lek chokin', ye know, lek catchin' the air—
 I've talked to people that heard him there.
 It was hard to understand him rather,
 They said, bein' mostly stormy weather
 Such times he was after these games ; and mixin'
 Religion and that ; but still they were fixin'
 Putty middlin' ; and the despard way
 He'd shout to the land, and shout to the sea,
 And—" God in Heaven ! " he'd say, " O God !
 I know thy rod ! I know thy rod !
 She can't be mine ! she can't be mine !
 O Nelly Quine ! O Nelly Quine !
 But why ? O why ? Is'n there a place
 In all the world, a little space,
 Nowhere ? nowhere ? a space, a spot—
 Oh, is there not ? Oh, is there not ?
 God of mercy, in all these lands,
 Where I can flee from thy commands ?
 Somewhere ! somewhere ! there must ! there must !
 O God, I am but feeble dust,
 A worm, a fool, a stupid liar—
 O give me but my heart's desire !
 God in Heaven ! what's the gud o' me ?
 I cannot do the thing thou wud o' me—
 I was navar convarted. I only shammed—
 I'm lost already ! O God I'm damned—
 I navar loved Thee, nor Thy word—

Lave me to myself, O Lord !
 I'm weak, O Lord, I can't stand firm !
 What's all this bother about a worm ?
 Drop me ! Lave me ! What matter to you ?
 Give me Nelly, and that 'll do."

That was a praecher—rummish docthrine
 For a man that knew the way, and walked therein
With sweet assurance—I've heard him talk—
 Rather a curious road to walk !

But Nelly navar knew a scrap—
 Ye see, the parties that heard the chap
 Was terbil deep Methodisses,
 That's apt to hide a thing like this is,
 Hush it up, lek thinkin' *it best*,
 They're sayin', *for the Chapel intheress*—
 Aw, crafty uncommon ! a Christian brother—
 Dear me, but they 'll stick to one another !

*But how was it the misthress didn' spake
 To Nelly ?* Now, for God's sake !
 To Nelly ? The misthress ? You havn' a grain o' sense—
 Wasn' it just in Nelly's innocence
 That the misthress had her only pleasure,
 Her only joy, her hidden treasure—
 In Nelly's peace, in healin' the smart
 Of the sore that was still in Nelly's heart ?
 In seein' her bud again and blossom,
 That would ha' tuk her to her bosom
 Every minute, and rocked her and rocked her
 Like a baby there—and Cain for the doctor !
 My gough ! let's see—
 Doctor Cain, M.D.
 An so long as the gel was cheerful
 And happier gettin', the misthress was fearful
 To move a finger—and she did'n know
 About his tantrims. She only saw
 The smilin' the man was got, and the silly,
 And evident all by raison of Nelly.

And sometimes she started like a thing that was stung,
 When she looked at the man, and seen the young
 And sthrong he was seemin' : and then she thought,
 My gough ! I don't know what !
 Death, and darkness, and despair—
 But other times, sittin' there,
 Just the three of them, and no winkin' nor nudgin'
 At these boys and gels, it was hard to be judgin'
 And Cain that tuk up, and contented, and cuddlin'—
 If it was only a piece of old mau's muddlin'
 After all ; and, if so,
 Then he was very happy, ye know—
 And was *she* makin' him happy ? poor woman !

Cud she? and mightn' the man be comin'
 To an anchor lek in still water,
 And Nelly to be to him like a daughter!
 Besides the religion—aw, deed, I'll bet
 The misthress was thinkin' a dale of that.
 For, ye see, for all the good-hearted,
 And the sweet, this Nelly wasn' convarted—
 No—and still it was rather expected,
 After all her trouble, she'd be *directed*
 And that—you know— and only proper—
 And even talk of Cain to adop' her.
 So who was knowin' when it'd come—
The great change—very slow with some—
 Yes, I suppose so—and to try to forget
 The Captain theer—aw, they wouldn' be beat—
 Poor lad! Was he in the same thrim?
 I wondher what change there come to him.
 "We shall not all sleep," it says,
 "But we shall all be changed," same vess—
All, now? What is he maenin' by *all*?
 A terbil hand was yandhar Paul.

But, I tell ye, it got so bad in the Chapel
 That these unfornit locals had to *grapple*
With this question—that's what they called it—
 And the Shuperintendan' overhauled it
 One everin' with them, havin' come
 Special o' puppose from Douglas, by gum!
 Aye! but of coorse, you know, they'd contrive it
 To be a meetin' lek in private—
 Private, aw, private—yes, but still
 The lek will out, of course it will.

So the meetin' was in the everin',
 So the next day they summoned Cain
 To *appear* before them—for *divers grave*
And weighty causes—aw, you'll get lave!
 Like lawyers just—ould Bobby Kirkbride—
 And as dignified as dignified.
 But the chap that had to sarve this writ
 Didn' like the job a bit—
 No, he didn', aw, deed, no, man!
 So he started off the very momen'
 It was in Cain's hand, and he over the hill,
 And heard him shoutin' terrible—
 "Young man! come here!" but he didn' mind him,
 But ran lek he'd got the Divil behind him.

But Cain to the chapel—and that's the place
 They had the row, and every taste.
And who was tellin' me? Tellin'? tellin'?
 Why, bless your souls! ould Harry Gellin,
 Tommy's father; aye, but it was, though,
 Just one day there shoein' a hoss though—

Aw, whatavar there's goin', the blacks and the whites of it,
 It's in a smithy you'll get the rights of it—
 And him a local : but tuk the huff
 About something, and left them long enough
 After he was tellin' me the fun.
 So Bobby Kirkbride it was that begun,
 Bobby—and "Brother Cain," he says,
 "We're in a very great disthress,
 Brother—very," he says—"The Church,"
 He says, "is troubled. 'Twere gud to search
 Your heart, brother, and ascertain
 How is it with thee, brother Cain.
 It's for our brother's own sake,
 And indeed the case is delicake,
 Yes, it's delicake uncommon—
 I may say it's about a young woman,
 Livin' under your own roof,
 I understand, but kep aloof
 From the rest of the sarvants. We've heard this ;
 And then, in this sacred edifice,
 We're tould of conduck, as one might say,
 Conduck, conduck, in a general way.
 Furthermore, it's said in the neighbourhood,
 That this faymale pessin is well-favoured,
 Also, we're informed her state
 Is hopeful, or *was*, at any rate—
 Hopeful—and makin' her to be
 A pleasin' subject—spiritually—
 Spiritually—in another respeck,
 We've heard of captains and the lek—
 We've heard, no doubt, and a trouble that came
 On a fam'ly I'm not goin' to name—
 A trouble, yes. So, if he's inclint
 To clear his mind upon this pint,
 We think, in a spirit of Christian unity,
 Our brother should have a opportunity."

And then he axed the Shuperintendan'
 To open the Scripthar for their understandin',
 If so be they might see the light,
 And lead the doubtin' Church aright.
 So then the Shuperintendan' prayed,
 But *very cautious*, Gellin' said—
 Cautious, cautious, like an ould drake,
 And cautionuser still when he come to spake,
 Eyein' Cain, ye know, that was theer,
 Sittin' in the Communion cheer—
 Bless ye ! as happy as a bird,
 Nid-noddin' at every other word :
 And when the prayer was over, he set
 The Amen as bould as a clarionet ;
 And slicked his lips like slickin' a label,

And cocked himself on the communion table.

So then the Shuperintendan' 'spounded,
 And the way it was, and where they found it--
 Corinthians—and Paul *enlargin'*
How a man is to do with his vargin—
 If he think's he behavin' uncomely toward her,
 St. Paul is sayin', he's bound to take order
 To get her married some way; but still,
 If the party's got power over his will,
 And *hath so devised in his heart*, says Paul,
 He needn' marry her at all—
 "That's Paul," he says; "we've his own word,
 It's only hisself, and not the Lord—
But I spare you, says Paul,"—and this and thus,
 And whips them back to Leviticus,
 And works the texes—*But still, of coorse,*
The law of Moses hadn' no force—
And then there was David, when he got ould,
And sufferin' greatly from the could,
Tuk yandhar Abishag, that nussed him,
And seemed to be a ancient custom,
But differin' from the case in hand,
And not the same for every man—
But no doubt, for the sake of the congregation,
Their brother would gev an explanation.

Says Cain—"It's beautiful, it is!
 A splendid exposition," he says—
 "Splendid, splendid! Dear me! the way
 That scripthar was opened, just like day,"
 He said, "like day. But how? But how?
Was it larnin'? "No, I trow:"
Was it readin', was it study?
Was it pokin' in the muddy
 Waters of the carnal mind,
Pokin', pokin', till you're nearly blind—
Was it? And he looked round,
 And he smiled like butter a shillin' the pound—
 "No!" he says, "it's just the habirtual
 Comparin' spir'tual things with spir'tual"—
 And—"Hem!" he said, and ups with the eyes,
 And smacks his lips like somethin' nice.

Nice! by gough! aw, nice enough!
 It was Nelly he was thinkin' of.
 Aye, aye! it had got a name,
 It was there, *he was spoke to*, it was'n a dhrame—
 Spoke to! spoke to! Yes, and, beside,
 I believe the chap had a surt of a pride
 The way he was lifted altogether
 Above Shuperintendans, or Locals e'ther,
 Lek on wings of the mornin', and these craythurs to run

With their farlin candle to see the sun
 Just when it was goin' to rise—that's it !
To rise, to rise—that's the thing that lit
 His face till it shined like polish just—
 Heaven or Hell, love or lust—
 Take your chise ! but, as Gellin 'd say,
 It must have come from somewhere—eh ?
 "The exposition," he says, "is grand ;
 But now let's come to the point in hand,
 To the point," says Cain ; "I'm not deny'n
 A word that was said about Ellen Quine.
 I think you'll allow it's only natur,
 The way she came to us, we'd trate her
 Special lek, bein' in a sense,
 Entrusted to us by Providence—
 "Trusted," he says, "I think you'll agree,
 Trusted to Mrs Cain and me.
 She come to us a poor lost sinner,
 But we seen the seeds of grace that was in her,
 And—the beauty, yes, the carnal beauty—
 No doubt, no doubt ; but what was our duty ?
 That's the thing. Our duty was plain
 Before us—me and Mrs Cain.
 Seeds—now ought we to leave them there,
 To be picked and pecked by the birds of the air ?
 To be choked with the thorns, to be burnt with the heat—
 Is that our duty ? I beg to state
 It's not. No matter the time or the place,
 Seeds of grace is seeds of grace.
 To raise the fallen, to seek the lost,
 That's our duty, whatever the cost.
But the gel is good-lookin'? that's admitted—
 Is she any the less fitted
 For a vessel of grace ? Good looks is fax—
 What is there in good-looks, I ax.
 Must she be ugly ? Is there anything carnal
 In good-looks ? Is the life eternal
 For ugly women, and ugly men
 Only ? No, no ! my brethren.
 That's carryin' Election out of all raison :
 The works of Nature, in their saison,
 Might teach ye that. The very flowers
 Of the field, God's work, you know, not ours—
 Has the blossoms of Spring a lovely breath,
 Or are they a savour of death unto death ?
 They're beautiful—aye ! There ye gorrit !
 Beautiful, and ye like them for it.
 And then in the Bible everywhere
 The beautiful the women are !
 Not one neither, but every one of them,
 Aye, bless ye ! every mother's son of them.
 They're all beautiful ! Look at the way
 They're in the picthars—as you might say—

Puffeck beauty, not a stain nor a spot,
 Not an ugly one in all the lot.
 Yes, and holy women, too.
 Of coorse ! of coorse ! we've nothin' to do
 With Jezebel and Herodias,
 And hapes of the like, as bould as brass :
 But Queen Bersheba that wouldn' be done
 But she'd hear the wisdom of Solomon ;
 And the Shunamite, that we're taught to consider
 A type of the Church ; and—together—
 What do ye say to the likes of them ?
 And " the daughter of Jerusalem."—
 See the Prophets, see the Psalms ;
 See that Hagar of Abraham's,
 And Ruth, and Rahab, that hid the spies,
 And Leah—only the blinky eyes—
 And dozens more, if they were wanted—
 See the way they're represented !
 Beautiful ? Of coorse they were—
 Beautiful—and I'll tell ye the for.
 It's a gift is beauty, a gift it is,
 And used for improper pupposes
 At the Divil—no doubt a snare to catch
 Unwary souls : but God's his match.
 This gift is *his* gift after all,
 Not the Divil's, in spite of his gall ;
 And God is usin' it to bend
 Our hearts, that so we may befriend
 Poor things that has been led astray,
 That so His banished may find a way
 To return to Him ; the effeck of wluich,
 My beloved brethren, is, such
 That this beauty, this snare of the ould Dragon's,
 Is the banner of love : ' stay me with flagons
 In the banqueting^e house ; yea, comfort me
 With apples from the apple tree—
 I am sick of love, ' the bride is say'n' ;
 And so with me and Mrs Cain.
 We love this young pesson ; the Loid has guv her
 Unto us that we might love her,
 That we might lead her unto Him ;
 And if she was like a cherubim
 For beauty, or just the *vice versies*.
 We umbly thank him for his mercies."

And he stopped. To hear ould Gellin' arrit !
 Was good ! he had every word, like a parrot—
 Stopped a minute, did Cain ; and the fashion
 Of his face was changed, Gellin' said ; no passion ;
 No love nor hatred to be seen ;
 But just the cunning of a fiend—
 Cunning. And then he says—" The occasion

Was seemin' to want an explanation :
 And now ye have it," he says. " But still,
 If you're only convinced against your will,
 If this meetin' isn' satisfied,
 Then," he says, " I wouldn' divide
 A Christian body," he says ; " no, no !
 I can go," he says, " and I'm willin' to go.
 But," he says, " I'll always be jealous
 Over you with love : no malice
 Has place in my heart, but only a yearnin'
 In the bowels of the Gospel for them that's returnin'
 Evil for good. But—no more of that.
 One thing," he says, " I musn' forget—
 It's a matter of business," he says, " I fear,
 But better perhaps to have everythin' clear.
 I'd be very sorry, certainly,
 To give any trouble to the Committee,
 Or the congregation in general,
 Very sorry : but—still for all—
 There's certain moneys ; and its handy, rather,
 For the man and the money to go together—
 So no doubt you'll be makin arrangements for payin'
 The mortgages on the Chapel," says Cain,
 " With all the interest that's owin',
 For I think there 'll be foreclosin' goin'.
 But I'd better give you a day or two
 To think about it—that 'll do,"
 Says Cain, " Good evenin' !" And takes
 His hat, and a smooth of the elber, and makes
 For the door. " Stop !" says Gellin, " Stop !"
 He says, and he gave a skip and a hop.
 And got houl't of the door " Stop !" like commandin' ;
 Aisy ! says the Shuperintandan' ;
 Aisy, Mr Gellin !" he says ;
 " Aisy ? What sort of talk is this ?"
 Says Gellin ! " Aisy ! I'd have you to know,"
 And set to work, and gave them the jaw,
 Most terribil—the way he was tellin'
 Aw, by gogh ! he could do it, could Gellin—
 Could and would—*They'd heard a lecthur,*
 He said, *about women that's drew in a pecthur.*
Concubines, and ould men's misses ;
Was this the talk for Methodisses ?
Were they Protestans ? See, then, see !
Was'n this flat popery ?
What else in the world ? " Pecthurs !" he says,
 " Pecthurs, graven images !
 It's as clear as daylight," says Gellin ; *but then—*
The mortgages ! And at it again.
Mortgages, he said, indeed,
He'd like to see the trust deed ;

*He called for it to be produced—
 Yes, and he'd hev it. They couldn be loosed
 From the obligation under the Trust—
 Was it gud in law? Was it right? Was it just?
 Mortgages! There couldn' be—
 And how about the mortgagee?
 He could tell Mr Cain, if he'd lent that money,
 The position he was in was more till funny;
 It was danger's it was, a reg'lar fix.
 And he'd better be makin' quick sticks
 To get out of it, or he'd see what the Coort
 Of Chancery would say. And he roort
 And he shouted: and he'd hev it tried,
 He said, if it beggared him, if he died;
 He'd take it to every Coort in creation—
 It was just "a corrup' consideration."*

And Cain looked thunder, and well he might;
 But the Shuperintandin' got a light
 From all this talk; so he stroked down Gellin'
 The best he could, that was puffin' and swellin'
 Most awful— and then he turned to Cain,
 And—"I think we'll let the matter remain
 As it is," he says, "I believe I express
 The general feelin'—as it is, as it is;"
 And looks round at the others, that gave a sort
 Of a grunt or a groan, or a sniff or a snort,
 Maenin' yes—and "Let us pray;"
 And down on their knees, and pegged away:
 But Gellin' only said—*Chit!* and *Chut!*
 And tuk and slammed the door, and cut.

So the very next Sunday ould Cain was as clever,
 Fiddlin' there with Nelly as ever,
 And wrappin' the shawl—and it wasn rainy—
 But just lek the gel was made of chayney.
 And Nelly as rosy as an apple,
 With the blushes, and linkin' down the chapel,
 As happy, bless ye! and content—
 Innocent! just innocent!
 For the capers this Cain was carryin' on
 She didn hardly understand;
 Only she thought it was mayve a manner
 With pious pessins—oh Susannar!
 But of coorse there was people'd have their say,
 And the praecher looked another way;
 And Crellin there, and very glum;
 But the hour had come, the hour had come!
 Come, I tell ye! make or break—
 For on the road he begun to spake
 About the young captain, and worked it round,

Till she *must* understand ; and she gave a bound,
 And off like a deer, and the night was black,
 And this divil couldn follow the track,
 And lost her there ; but Nelly went
 Across everythin', everythin', straight for Renshent
 My gough ! what would the poor craythur be ?
 Just mad with fear and misery !

The Mistress ! the Mistress ! That was her thought :
 She wasn freckened to be caught—
 Poor thing ! not that—but *there ! oh there !*
To be with her ! to be with her !
Safe, safe with her ! And just the strength,
 And in on the parlour, and fell full length
 At the Mistresses feet. And—*what was there at her ?*
 And—“Nelly, Nelly ! what's the matter ?”
 And never a word, and never a moan—
 Poor Nelly lay as dead as a stone.
 But coaxed her, and petted her, and raised her—
 And—“Nelly ! Nelly !” and 'mazeder and 'mazeder.
 “What is it, Nelly ?” (you understand—
A pious man ! a holy man !
 Where was *he* ? My gough ! What odds ?
 The heart of an innocent gel is God's—
 Let scoundrels skulk, let divils chafe !
 Nelly was safe ! Nelly was safe !
 Safe with the Misthress). But when she woke,
 And when she looked, and when she spoke,
 And when she tould—the Misthress heard,
 But she didn say a single word,
 But turned like a sheet. It had come at last,
 And the bitterness of death was passed.

“Misthress !” says Nelly, “Misthress ! mother !
 My own ! my own ! for I haven' no other,
 Or if I have—O kindest friend !
 O sweet ! O good ! O . . . *mother* then !
 Mother, my heart is like to break !”
 Bnt the Misthress, you know, she couldn spake—
 “O Misthress, is your heart turned hard to me ?
 O Misthress, wont you spake a word to me ?
 Just a word ! a word ! Oh spake
Any word—for Jesus' sake !
 Am I a naughty gel, Mrs Cain ?
 Am I ? am I ? I didn mane—
 Misthress ! Misthress ! I didn know—
 Am I ! am I ! Must I go ?”

But the Misthress sat in her chair quite stiff—
 So Nelly got in a sort of a tiff,
 Lek, you know, the way with such,
 Half-cock, hair-trigger, and off with a touch—
 That was the wuss o' Nelly, aw yes !
 'Deed it was, and 'deed it is.

But—dear me ! clean your own winder—
 Flint is flint, and tinder is tinder—
 And knew no more till the man-in-the-moon
 All the mischief she was doin'—
 That was Nelly. And “Misthress,” she said,
 And she stood on her feet, and she back with the head,
 And her bonnet fell off and draggled there—
 “You *won't* hear, you *won't* hear !
I'm not worth, I suppose ; I see't ! I see't !
I'm only the dirt beneath his feet !
I'm no matter. I haven' a friend,
 And you think I'm a liar, and——there's an end !
 I believe ye knew ! I believe ye knew !
 Yes, I do ! yes, I do !
 I believe ye made it up between ye,
 And I'm sorry the day that ever I seen ye.”
Quick work—you'll say ; aw, quick is the road ;
 But oh, if Nelly had only knowed
 What the Misthress was feeling then !
 But—however—what's the use, my men ?

So Nelly gev an awful cry,
 Like the yowl of a dog, but no reply
 From the Misthress, no reply at all.
 So she took her bonnet and her shawl,
 And away, and locked herself in her room,
 And left the Misthress to her doom.

And the sarvints was freckened, and didn' go near,
 But they heard the Misthress on the stair
 Lek staggering, lek—and then—no more,
 Not even a foot upon the floor—
 And sat up for Caine : but he didn' come in
 Till daylight, and *blew about with the wind*,
 They were sayin, *rather*, and up to bed—
 And there was the mistress lyin' dead !
 She was lyin' dead. *Pison ?* yes !
 A mug of it upon the chiss—
Pison, though—poor thing ! she was gone
 To the happy place, where it's all one—
Prepared ? my gough ! what *iss* prepared ?
 The d——ould murderer stood and stared !
He shouted ? Yes, enough for three !
 Shouted—but not immadiently.
 No, no ; but aisy ! wait, then, wait !
 Don't get 'cited, at any rate !

Well, now, you may think the work
 There was in that house ; and Christy Quirk,
 The Coroner, comin' and the inquest arrim,
 And everybody on the farrim
 Callin' there : and couldn' agree
 For *temporal insanity* ;
 But just it was pison, pison—what's

The name of that poison they're given to rots?

But by whose hand administered—

Minis, minis—that's the word—

I think so. Well, they couldn' say ;

So to bury the body anyway,

And service over it all right—

And so they did, but late at night.

And poor Nelly, they said, was just like a ghose,

Creepin' about, and packed her clothes

To be off ; but the women coaxed her for all

To stay with them over the funeral.

But Cain knew well that she'd settled to lave

When the Misthress went out : so before the grave

Was filled—aw bless ye ! hardly a spatter

On the coffin-lid, he was home and at her—

Aye he was, and had some tay

In the kitchen, and tould the rest to stay

Outside till he'd want them in to prayer ;

But *he'd something very particuler*

To say to Ellen Quine, he said—

Aw, by gough ! and so he had.

And—*would she forgive him ?* That was the game,

Would she forgive him ? He felt the shame

Of his conduct the other night—aw dear !

The shame, he said, but still it was clear

He was left to himself, he said, that time—

And would she forgive him ? and would she try him ?

What was man ? he said—the best,

He said, the very holiest

Of men was wake—and what says Paul ?

“ Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall.”

No doubt, no doubt, he said, it was sudden :

But what was he to do ? He couldn'

Allow her to go, and his heart to break ;

And if he didn' spake now, when was he to spake ?

It was his one chance, he said, and he took it ;

And the dear departed would overlook it.

And Nelly tried to stop the man—

But, my gough ! she said, the tongue of him ran

Like a wheel, she said. And would she be this ?

And would she be that ? and all the list

Of the things he'd do, and the things he'd give her—

And—“ I will ! I will ! ” and on like a river—

And promisin' *the kind (!)* he'd be—

And—“ Oh, I'll make you happy ! ” says he,

And—“ Will ye, will ye be my wife ? ”

And he stopped to get wind, “ I'll send this knife,”

Says Nelly, “ through your black heart,

If you'll spake another word." The start
 He gev ! and the cup fallin' out of his hand !
 "Through your black heart, you bad man !"
 Says Nelly, and she tuk a step
 Towards him, and the devil kep
 His eye on her still ; but he backed and backed,
 And out on the door ; and - aw its a fact,
 Nobody said another word
 About *prayers* that night that ever I heard—
 No : and next mornin' the gel was sayin'
 Good-bye to them there, when in comes Cain.
 "Clear out of this !" says Cain to the gels :
 "I must spake to this pessin, and nobody else
 Is wanted here." So of course they went.
 "Now, Nelly," he says, "you're leavin' Renshent ;
 But you'll return," he says, "for Lammas,
 And marry me. Promise now ! promise ! promise !"
 But Nelly made a dart at the dresser,
 And had a knife in a minute, bless her !—
 The gel was quick. But Cain gev a sign,
 And two policemen, that was eyein'
 The whole, unknownced, gript Nelly, by George,
 Like a shot,—and "I gev this pessin in charge
 For the murder of Mrs. Cain," he says ;
 And he stands like a rock, and his hand in his breast.
 Poor Nelly ! poor Nelly ! and haulin' and pushin',
 And a car there to take her to Castle Rushen.
 But just when they started he tried once more,
 And stooped, and whispered somethin' to her.
 But the people didn' hear what he said,
 And Nelly only shook her head—
 And, "All right !" and nothing more to say with them,
 And up goes the driver, and off and away with them.
 The devil ! I think I see his hoofs !
 But he'd got his proofs, he'd got his proofs.
 His proofs—aw yes : for who was it bought
 This pison but Nelly, that little thought
 What was goin' to happen : and then the fight
 She had with the Misthress that very night—
 The servants would swear to as soon as wink,
 And looking middlin' ugly, I think.

Now, when Tommy heard this news,
 He was clane crazy. "Don't be a goose !
 Don't be a goose !" says Mrs Quine ;
 "Of course the case'll be goin' a try'n' ;
 And Nelly was allis a bit of a fury,
 Aw, 'deed she was : but no doubt the jury
 'll consider the young the craythur's yet—
 And it's only transportation she'll get."
Transportation !" says Tommy, "and *me !*"
 "Well, well," says Mrs Quine, "we'll see."

"See!" says Tommy, "I'll go to Duddon
 This very minute." "Well, I wouldn',"
 Says the mother, "I wouldn' be so selly.
 She was allis very short-tempered, was Nelly.
 And Duddon the very first lawyer goin'.
 Duddon! Bless ye! it's only throwin'
 Your money away—it is, indeed!
 And, goodness knows, there's not much need.
 Look at the chidhar!" and so she went on.
 And, "Stop now, Tommy!" but Tommy was gone.
 Ye see the chap was doin' fair:
 He'd got in with some masons and builders there—
 And contraks and that, and good at the measurin',
 And plannin, and cipherin, and takin' a pleasure in
 All surts of inventions, and layin' the gas—
 Aw, bless ye! makin' money fast.

But Duddon that was the chap for the law—
 Terbil, but terbler for the jaw—
 Aw, a mortal hand! He's laid on the shelf
 Since then. But he'd bully ould Harry himself
 Them times. By gough—fire and slaughter!
 Put Duddon on them, and they'd cry for quarter.

So it's Duddon Tommy wanted to see,
 And tould him all; and, "Lave it to me!"
 Says Duddon, and bitin' his pen, and lookin'
 As deep as deep: so Tommy was hookin'.
 Poor Tommy, though—the shaky and shivery
 He was. And "The General Jail Delivery"—
 That was the time. And them words seemed cut
 In every stone the craythur put
 In a wall. They seemed to be wrote in the air,
 On the sands, in the harbour—everywhere.

And Tommy got lave for the mother and aunt
 To see this Nelly. And so they went,
 And Tommy with them, in a car,
 And into the Castle; but didn' dar
 To go in the place where Nelly was,
 But pretended to be lookin' after the hoss.
 And Mrs Quine was weepin' a dale,
 And the sisthar, of course she wouldn' fail—
 Aw, dacent women! But when they were done,
 And just sittin' together, the mother begun
 To ask a hape of questions, you know;
 And this and that, and terbil though—
 Till at last she said, "And, Nelly, then,
 What did ye give her the pison in?"
 Aw, Nelly jumped to her feet, and she turned
 Away from them, and the cheeks of her burned
 With fire and shame; and she would'n spake,
 And did'n—and so they had to make

Tracks of coorse ; and—"She's very queer !"
Says the mother to the jailer theer.

But just it was goin about a week
To the trial, Duddon sent to speak
With Tommy. And—*everythin was in train ;*
But he'd like to have a talk with this Cain.
And would Tommy go with him at once ? and statin
The for. And the two of them off in the phaeton.
So when they got there, it was—"How do ye do, Sir ?"
"You know me," says Duddon. "Who would'n know you, sir ?"
Says Cain, very smilin. But when he seen
Tommy there, his face got as keen
As the Divil ; and—"Thomas Gelling, is it ?"
He says, and "What's the cause of this visit,
May I ax ?"—quite stiff, ye know. But Duddon
Was'n the chap to wait for the puddin,
But in it at once : and—"A pessin is lyin
In the Castle, by the name of Quine—
A servant of yours—in custody,
Upon your information, it seems to be,
For murderin your wife by pison,
Now, Mr Cain, it's very surprisin
You don't perceive how much better
It would have been for ye all to have dropped this matter.
If your respected pardner had died
By her own hand, by suicide,"
There you were : but there was people enough
That didn' know when they were well off.
And the jury hadn' seen their way
To "temporal sanity," and he dare say
He could guess the raison." But I don't care a toss,
It was suicide, and *you know* it was !
That's my conviction, and you can't remove it ;
You know it, my friend, and you can prove it—
Yes, you can. And look here, Mr Cain—"
And he eyed him sharp—"Look here, I'll be plain.
There's no doubt at all the law'll considher
The two of you to be in it together,
Her the insthrument, and *you*—
Well, Mr Cain ! But here's my view—
Mr Cain, Mr Cain, the law'll go furdher,
And bring you in yourself for the murdher—
Yourself alone ! " (Ould Cain gev a jerk)—
"So just you set your wits to work,
And give me that proof—you know what I mane—
Or I'll have you arrested, Mr Cain.
By this time to-morrow—the proof ! d'ye hear ?
So now you know the way to steer.
Good day, Mr Cain—" and turns on his heel.

That everin Cain was off to Peel,
And a Tommy Artlar in the bay,

And her anchor tripped, and goin' to sea
 Directly. And Cain just settled his passage,
 And sent a passil and a message
 By a chap on the pier—by gough, it's a fact !
 And away to Ireland aboard of this smack,
 And got the steamer at Queenstown, bedad !
 And off to America—Catch my lad !
Apt to come back ? By gough, he is'n—
 If he'd show his nose, he'd be clapt in prison
 Like a shot—not him ! else what did he run for,
 Eh ? and so that divil is done for !

But what was this paper ? The paper ! wup !
 This was the paper. When Cain went up
 And found the Misthress lyin dead,
 He found this paper on the bed,
 And tuk it, and read it, and kep it by 'm—
 The dirty villain ! all the time.
 This paper was written by his wife,
 And statin' *the tired she was of her life—*
And the wishful to die—that's the way it was tould—
And the Lord to have mercy upon her soul !
 And somethin' about her weddin'-ring—
 Distracted-lek ; poor thing ! poor thing !

So the trial was held, and the jury sat,
 And—"Appear to coort !" and all to that—
 And Duddon got up, and the speech he made
 Was grand—aw by gough he knew his trade—
 And the foreman at them was Corlett the Draper—
 And Duddon banded up the paper,
 And the Deemster read it, and "Do ye agree ?"
 And "Not guilty ! not guilty !" what else could it be ?
 "Three cheers ! three cheers !" aw I'll engage—
 And the Deemster black in the face with rage !
 And Tommy outside of the Castle wall
 With a car ; but he hadn' the mother at all
 That time : and Nelly very pale—
 The way with women comin' urrov a jail—
 And the people all lookin' lek expectin'
 She'd go to Tommy, lek a surt o' directin',
 And in with her straight, and stooped the head,
 And—"You've beat me, 'Tommy ! you've beat me !" she said.
 But, half-way to Douglas, this Nelly got bouldher,
 And the head was slipt on Tommy's shouldher,
 And the whisperin' in Tommy's ears,
 And his arm round her waist, and tears—tears—
 Tears—I'll lave it to any man livin',
 Sweeter to Tommy than the rain from heaven.

And so of coorse they got married at once ?
 Bless ye ! where would be the sense ?
 But it's married they got ; and this little wutch
 Worked with Tommy, and Tommy got ruch.

And the farm on the North—Renshent, ye know,
Was comin' to the heir-at-law,
That lived in England, and willin to let it,
And Tommy terbil wantin' to get it,
And got it—the very primmisis,
And there he is now—aw faith he is !

It was only last year I had a spell there,
And Tommy and Nelly and me and the childher
Went out for a walk on the Mooragh there,
Just to enjoy the lovely air :
And we tuk for the beach, and we come to the Rue,
And Tommy looked, and I looked too—
And we thought, you know ; but it wasn' grief—
And the water floppin upon the reef—
And the little things busy with their play—
And Nelly as happy as the day.

T. E. B.

Clifton.



FINIS.

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